

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 30, 1938

WHO'S WHO

JOSEPH BERNARD CODE, professor of history at the Catholic University, Washington, has been one of the most effective spokesmen on the issues involved in the Spanish War. He has been most courageous in the charges that he has made, publicly and everywhere, against the Loyalist representative in Washington. He was courageous because he knew his facts, accurately, and his facts have not yet been faced by the Washington Embassy of Spain. Dr. Code is a valued contributor on current and historical subjects to many periodicals. . . . LAWRENCE LUCEY has been whose whood in previous issues. He is a lawyer who specializes on economic matters, at least in his writings which are appearing more frequently in a number of magazines. Any theory of finances calls out violent rebuttals, and what he presents is a theory. Besides, the Hamilton-Jefferson debate is still alive. If Jefferson had had his way—where would we be? . . . COMMANDER WILLIAM A. MAGUIRE is a chaplain in the Navy. He received his commission in 1917 and since that time he has faithfully guarded his boys on land and on the high seas.

THE DESIGN on the back cover is that of white space surrounding a very important suggestion in black type. We semi-editorialize here because we are convinced that the weekly messages carried in this Review should be spread out before the eyes of every Catholic, and non-Catholic, too, in the United States. We would like to worry you about this, and would like you to rid yourself of a worry by donating fifteen weeks of AMERICA to someone who needs it, Catholic or non-Catholic.

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COMMENT

FOLLOWING publication in AMERICA of his articles on the problem of anti-Catholic propaganda in the secular press, Father Toomey was besieged by requests from every section of the country to set about correcting the situation. Impressed by the widespread demand, he obtained the necessary permissions and formed the United Catholic Organizations, Press Relations Committee, the purpose being to create permanent, nation-wide machinery for negotiation with the press in the Catholic interest. In the past, Catholics, in their dealings with the newspapers and magazines, were always weakened by the fact that they could not act as a national unit through a permanent mouthpiece. The United Catholic Organizations, Press Relations Committee, has now been functioning for seven months. Its activities constantly widening, it is conferring weekly with more and more newspapers and magazines concerning issues which vitally affect the Church. It has already proven the contention that united, permanent Catholic action can put an end to bias in the newspaper and magazine field. The Most Reverend John Mark Gannon, D.D., Bishop of Erie, Chairman of the N. C. W. C. Press Committee, for a long time has been studying the press problem. He saw that only a small portion of the great stream of Catholic thought ever found its way into the pages of newspapers and magazines. To remedy this, he conceived the idea of setting up Bureaus of Information in every diocese with a central Bureau in Washington. Hearing of this, the United Catholic Organizations, Press Relations Committee wrote to Bishop Gannon offering its services as a component part of his plan. His Excellency cordially approved this proposal, and, as a result, the United Catholic Organizations, Press Relations Committee will in the future reinforce Bishop Gannon's Press Information Bureaus. It is expected that Bishop Gannon will appoint a national board to direct the work of Catholic relations with the press.

SOME 10,000 business concerns in New York City have subscribed to a program of selling American business to the American public. For sound business horse-sense, it is difficult to conceive of anything better than that contained in the program's announcement:

After surveying what private enterprise has done for America, we hold that it is an unalterable fact that the salvation of America must come from adherence to the proved American system, and that we will never affect any permanent cure for the present-day economic evils except as the individual initiative, which has built America, is enabled by reasonable freedom of action to continue that process.

One need not be eighty to remember recurring periods of depression which invariably were fol-

lowed by longer periods of prosperity. But ten years have dragged by in which this once prosperous country of ours, still the richest in the world though far from the most prosperous, has struggled through depression and more depression and finally a recession. Today we are no nearer the end of it than we were in 1932. We have tried every economic scheme cooked up by our college-bred brain-trusters at the summons of the Government. The net result is that we are just about twenty billion dollars more in debt than we were ten years ago. What we need in Washington is more Little Bo-Peep philosophy. Leave business alone and it will come home all by itself.

A HAPPY national and international reminder of Christian temperance was given by Eire when it commemorated philately this year's centenary of Father Mathew's Total Abstinence Society. The design of the stamp includes a profile portrait of that zealous Capuchin. As the issue is limited to six months the extrinsic value of the stamp is increased in the eyes of expert philatelists. It should be popular in the United States for the additional reason that Father Mathew visited our country in 1849-51 and was the cause, under God, of 500,000 Americans taking the pledge. Now, some eighty-nine years afterwards, the nation ponders the more complicated problem of the alcoholic human at the wheel of the automobile. Oddly, since the beginning of Prohibition we have given less emphasis to the supernatural side of temperance. This latter was the renovating spirit in Father Mathew's work. More recently it produced a Matt Talbot. Father Mathew's crusading words, printed in Gaelic on the stamp, "Here goes in the name of God," await an American Father Mathew.

THE GODLESS will gather in London in September, in a congress to be held under the auspices of the World Union of Freethinkers. This atheistic union, according to *Wisdom*, the monthly publication of the Trinity League, is an amalgam of three international bodies: the International Federation of Free Thought, created in 1880, the Proletarian Freethinkers International, dating back a dozen years, and the International of the Godless, a Moscow body founded in 1931. Atheists from every part of the world have been invited to attend the London congress; some few fanatics, who have a bee buzzing in their brains on the subject of no-God, will gather from various countries; but the majority of delegates will come, if they be admitted, from Moscow and the nations, such as England, France and the United States, which are being proletarianized. As soon as the Godless Inter-

national announced London as the place chosen for the blasphemous meetings, the English rose in protest against the desecration that was being visited upon them. Seventy members of Parliament issued a resolution against the holding of the congress. Replying to them, the Home Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, stated that it was not within his power to prevent the assembly of the Godless. There is no law that can be invoked as a ban; besides, says Sir Samuel, "it must be remembered that this country has a long and cherished tradition of liberty and toleration." Indirect methods of applying immigration laws may be used to prevent some delegates from attending. But the laws of a Christian nation, dedicated to God, freely permit the revilers of God to blaspheme against God in public demonstrations. When laws fail to protect society and to revere God, then society must take law into its own hands. We commend the action of the Archbishop of Glasgow who has aroused his people to protest: "May neither fear nor faintheartedness nor human respect in any of its many subtle forms weaken our determination or slacken our efforts." The other Bishops of England and Scotland have exhorted the Catholic minority to act, and non-Catholic religious bodies have also raised a cry of horror. But Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell and their ilk support the Godless; doubtless, liberalized Ministers will amiably say soothing words to the atheists. The forces of God in England are now in conflict. The next destination of the Godless Congress is plotted for the United States. Will our laws prevent the assembly, or must the people rally against these aggressors?

THE NETHERLANDS faces a diplomatic "incident" with the English language. That friendly government recently advised our Post Office Department that the Dutch East Indies, Dutch Guiana and Dutch West Indies would henceforth be known as the Netherlands Indies, Surinam and Curaçao respectively. Will this anschluss obliterate the title "Dutch" from its literary use as well? Must the Websters and Worcesters of the future add after the figurative "Dutch" in the dictionary the abbreviations *arch.* or *obs.*? Some of the fifty expressions, awaiting possible putschs, would be a loss artistically and phonetically. To "beat the Dutch" is more onomatopoeic than to "do something remarkable." A "Dutch treat" to "paying one's own share." What will ever equal the picturesqueness of a "Dutch uncle's talking to?" However, we shall continue to "get in Dutch," as this is a pure Americanism which the lexicographers have not explained etymologically or chronologically. It just grew up with all the vigor and mischievousness, too, of Topsy. It may prove to be the great compromise of 1938.

"FRIENDS of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade" recently publicized a meeting in a Seattle auditorium as a memorial for Thane Summers, who had given up his life at the behest of Moscow's propagandized

war against Spanish "Fascism." The young man, a University of Washington student, was duped, like so many other young Americans, by the Reds playing on his courage and idealism. The sorrowing father of the youth, though fully realizing the false bait that lured his son to the Spanish trenches, bore his grief in silence until he learned that Communist adherents were using his son's memory in large display cards with black border, ostensibly to pay tribute to courage and sacrifice, but in reality to sell twenty-five cent tickets whereby further to finance Red propaganda for recruits to Loyalist Spain. Then the father, Lane Summers, a Seattle lawyer, in a statement denounced the meeting as an exploitation of his son's death to recruit "more misguided martyrs" for Red Spain, calling the meeting "more Moscow." Said the fearless father:

Except for others who have sons, I would remain silent since my single-handed struggle as a father to save an only son for the perplexing problems in this country has been lost. . . . To those other trusting parents whose children are still students under some insidious instructors in high school and university, the warning of my experiences is warranted against the public educator on tax-paid salary who prostitutes his high profession by pouring the prejudiced versions, the subtle slogans and the twisted truths of the Communistic propaganda into the confiding mind of youth—the sole real protectors of the real liberalism represented by American institutions and ideals.

The father wistfully hopes his son's death and its sequel may awaken other parents to demand integrity of education in the public schools. Meanwhile what are the parents doing to avert the future slaughter not in Spain but between brothers here at home, which Lane Summers so truly foresees, as a result of Communist influence in the schools?

SCANDALIZED by what it terms "A Strange Event," *The Living Church*, organ of the Episcopalians, says that it is watching Roman Catholic exchanges to see their comment on the marriage of the twice-divorced Lita Grey Chaplin to Arthur F. Day in the Catholic Church of the American Martyrs, Los Angeles. The ceremony was performed by a priest at a Nuptial Mass. The editors profess themselves to be particularly shocked by the circumstance that several score children, who had come for their catechism class, witnessed the nuptials. "Isn't there something in that catechism," they smugly ask, "about the teaching of the Catholic Church as to the indissolubility of Christian marriage? Or has the Roman Church abandoned that bit of Catholic doctrine?" What the children of that catechism class surely knew, and what *The Living Church* editors should have known, is that if a marriage is performed in a Catholic Church by a priest there is no room for quibbling or for doubt about the availability of the prospective partners to seal a valid marital contract. The time-honored jurisprudence of the Church has hedged this exalted Sacrament with barriers that are in striking contrast to the increasing ambiguities uttered at convocations of even the group for whom

The Living Church is spokesman. Have its editors never heard of the Code of Canon Law, with its careful delineation of the impediments that render a previous marriage invalid? Have they never heard of fraud or fear or coercion or the neglect of the proper form? Their scandal is not well taken.

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RECENTLY, when Douglas Corrigan zoomed out of the Jersey clouds, put the wheels of his crate down on a New York field, and announced to the gaping mechanics that he had just flown from California, a number of air-minded people checked up on the flier's route. They found he came east along the border, *via* Phoenix, El Paso, Dallas, and then banked sharply towards Memphis and New York. This transcontinental airway, known as the southern route, is famous for its consistently fine flying weather and is called the low-level or safety route because it offers the pilot no high mountains from the time he clears the San Bernardino pass until he glimpses the tall towers of Manhattan. It is the route flown by the great coast-to-coast ships of American Airlines. Air enthusiasts are seizing upon this Corrigan flight in order to emphasize the progress made by commercial aviation in its efforts for passenger convenience and comfort. There is the matter of time, for instance. Corrigan used up twenty-eight hours in flying non-stop between the coasts; but a modern flagship like the *Mercury* lifts off the Newark runway just before sunset and puts its passengers down at Pasadena shortly after dawn. As for comfort, the contrast between old and new is striking—between Corrigan crowded behind his extra fuel tanks, and the roomy berths or drawing rooms of the giant liners. The young flier's refreshment was a bottle of water and a chocolate bar. But on the flagships meals come hot from an oven and are served on a solid table. Such is progress aloft. This is the day of winged luxury.

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THERE are two phases of human nature which the Catholic Faith always takes into account. One is *nature*, the part of us in which we are conformable to others, our sameness with our fellow-men, the points on which we should conform with them in matters of conscience, laws, social behavior; the other is our *personality*, the points in which we are individual, incommunicable, different. It has been the Church's business throughout the centuries (having learned in brilliance through Revelation the distinctions between nature and person in the Blessed Trinity) to keep this balance in her dealings with her children. "The individual is the creature of the State, lives only for the State." "Wrong!" exclaims the Church. "The State has no authority whatsoever over the life of the individual." "Wrong again!" says the Church, holding, as it does, that civil authority descends from God. In her maternal tenderness the Church has projected extremes in both the directions in the matter of personality and nature, or rather, one should say, she has *permitted* them to be projected. Robin Hood, the romantic, medieval robber, is just as

much a part of the Church's record as is Saint John Berchmans, the courageous, exact, rule-keeping religious. Each was a challenge to the unbalances of his own age. Nothing is so horrible in our own day as the way personality, individuality, is being crushed by the totalitarians. It is no wonder, therefore, that Catholic Ireland received with such unanimous acclaim the arrival in a Dublin airport of that crazy, over-personalized American, Douglas Corrigan. And no wonder, either, that in goose-stepping Germany, the newspapers censured him.

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TWO more lynchings and burnings! Almost despairingly, the better South and the North are demanding: "Is there no preventive?" Senator Wagner in an open letter to Attorney General Cummings urges his answer and apparently that of the Senate majority: "Concurrently with the prolonged struggle for enactment of the Wagner-Van Nuys Anti-lynching Bill this year there was a complete cessation of lynching for six months. Now that Congress has adjourned, lynching is again on the ascendency." The Roosevelt Administration's support of the bill is further confirmation for Wagner-Van Nuys legislation. But certain Southern Senators have blocked its enactment. In "filibuster," they have exerted much power against all anti-lynching laws. Meanwhile Negroes are being lured into Communism, which spells violence of the same type as lynching. The Negroes have a saner and stronger weapon. Stanley High, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, shows how Negroes could control the balance of power in seventeen northern states. Skilfully organized in their demand for a Wagner-Van Nuys Anti-lynching Bill, the group could resolve a presidential election.

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A STROLL along Riverside Drive will reveal a startling fact to anyone who has his ears open. One is astonished to hear the number of people who are speaking a foreign language. German predominates, though there is a sprinkling of other languages, particularly Polish and Rumanian. The surprising thing about it is that this notable increase in the number of foreigners has particularly appeared during the past four or five months. Travelers from Europe assure us that German and Austrian refugees are pouring into the country on every boat from Europe. Quota restrictions from certain countries have been arbitrarily set aside with Government connivance. It is true that the incoming boatloads of immigrants are met at Ellis Island and guarantees of support are given. Hospitality to refugees, doubtless, has its place, but just at present we cannot take care of our own unemployed. Incidents of American citizens losing their jobs to find the same filled promptly by refugees are of sufficient frequency to cause alarm. Guarantees that these immigrants will not be a financial burden to the country are mere subterfuge when citizens are dropped from their jobs to make room for a foreigner. Is it not time to demand something more than a soothing answer from Washington?

JEFFERSON'S DECLARATION OF FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

Hamilton won for private interests, with sad results

LAWRENCE LUCEY

STOCK prices rose spectacularly. Gains from 10 to almost 30 points were registered in the blue chip stocks in less than a month. The business index scraped the muddy bottom about the beginning of June and has been rising since. Employees are going back to work. Overtime work has replaced "Scotch" weeks.

What caused this sudden turn for the better? Most of the financial writers admit they do not know. Those who do venture to rationalize the sudden about-face on the part of business offer the flimsiest sort of reasons—the adjournment of Congress, the modification of the undistributed profits and capital gains taxes, and Ambassador Kennedy's trip across the Atlantic. A few of the financial writers rather reluctantly admitted that the de-sterilization of gold, the lowering of the Federal Reserve requirements, and the billions of new money that will be borrowed into circulation for relief and public works, had something to do with the sudden and dramatic turn for the better.

However, one investment consultant, Major Angas, who charges \$100 per interview, was not surprised by the sudden spurt. He had predicted it. Major Angas has been unusually successful in predicting booms and slumps. His method is this: when new money is injected into the economic system, as happened when gold was de-sterilized and the reserve requirements lowered and as will happen when the relief and public works money is borrowed, you have a boom. When money is taken out of circulation, as happened when gold was sterilized in 1936, the reserve requirements raised and government borrowing curtailed, you have recession.

Our money machine breeds booms and slumps. Essentially, but with some refinements, our monetary system is the same today as it was in 1791 when it was established by Alexander Hamilton. At the time of its founding Thomas Jefferson fought against it with all the energy at his command, for he knew it would lead to unending money panics.

Jefferson and Hamilton were the two most brilliant men in America when they became members of the first cabinet. Each of them had been students of government finance. Jefferson had studied the banking methods of the European countries while acting as the Ambassador to France. He had writ-

ten his *Notes on a Money Unit* for the guidance of the Continental Congress.

Hamilton had drafted the charter for the first New York bank and directed it until it became successful, so successful that it presently is a major Wall Street bank. He had spent his free time during the Revolution reading Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*. When in 1791 the new Government with Washington as its President came to grips with the problem of how it was to be financed, Jefferson and Hamilton, about the only men in the Government who understood finance, met head on.

Hamilton wanted to form a private bank, the United States Bank, that would lend the Government the money with which to pay the debts of the old Confederacy and the States. In exchange for this loan, the Government would give the bank bonds bearing interest against which the bank would issue currency and credit money. The power to issue money was to be turned over to this private bank.

Jefferson wanted the government to issue its own money, backed by its taxing power, and with this government money pay the debts owed by the Confederacy and the States. Jefferson believed it was unconstitutional for the government to turn its sovereign power of issuing money over to a private bank. Did not, he said, the Confederacy and the Colonies issue their own money and not turn this power over to private concerns? Why should the government pay the banks interest so that we might have a national currency? Why should a private bank be permitted to determine the amount of money that would flow into the market place and thereby control prices and wages?

Hamilton won this battle and Jefferson, from then until his death, was embittered by the financial policy of the Government; for he knew a nation cannot be politically democratic unless it issues and controls its own money. Hamilton, an ex-director of a bank, knew why he wanted to turn the power of issuing money over to private banks. Here, in Hamilton's words, was his reason: "It appears to be an essential ingredient of its structure (United States Bank) that it shall be under a *private* not a *public* direction—under the guidance of *individual* interest, not of *public* policy."

From the time of this historic struggle down to the present day private banks, United States Bank, National Banks, and since 1913, the Federal Reserve, have held this power of issuing money against the bonds of the government. Only once, when Abraham Lincoln, an admirer of Jefferson's monetary policy, issued United States Notes to the extent of \$350,000,000 has the power to issue money by private banks been seriously questioned.

Twenty-four years after the founding of the United States Bank Jefferson lamented this error and wrote:

From the establishment of the United States Bank to this day, I have preached against this system. . . . Congress could then have issued Treasury notes payable within a fixed period, and founded on a specific tax, the proceeds of which, as they came in, should be exchangeable for the notes of that particular emission only.

When the New Deal came into power in 1933 it was necessary to close all the banks in the nation because they could not meet the demands made upon them by their depositors. Since 1933, the government has borrowed \$16,000,000,000 mostly from the banks and issued bonds bearing interest for this money. Presently, the banks are in a sound condition, they have become strong since the advent of the New Deal.

How, it should be asked, was it possible for banks that were bankrupt in 1933 to lend billions of dollars to the government and by lending this money rise from bankruptcy to prosperity? How can a bankrupt institution be transformed into a rock of Gibraltar by lending money which it did not have to lend? Why is it that after five years of the New Deal, business and workers and government and everyone else except the banks are as badly off, if not worse, than they were in 1933? The reason, as Hamilton said, is because our money and credit system is geared for the *individual interest* of the banks and not for *public policy*. The author of our financial system, Hamilton, knew what he was doing and why he was doing it.

In explaining the financial system advocated by Jefferson this writer will rely heavily on the words of the author of the Declaration of Independence in order that the reader may be certain that he is getting Jeffersonianism and not this writer's monetary views. The inquiring reader may find all of these quotations from Jefferson by turning to his words on credit and banking and national currency in *Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia*, edited by John P. Foley.

First, the Federal government should be prohibited from issuing bonds:

How happy a people we were during the war (Revolution), from the single circumstance that we could not run in debt. (*Contrast this with World War debt for over \$24,000,000,000.*)

The misfortune is that, in the meantime, we shall plunge ourselves in unextinguishable debt, and entail on our posterity an inheritance of eternal taxes. (*The present debt is unextinguishable and the only thing that can happen under the present financial system is that it will grow larger.*)

I wish it were possible to obtain a single amendment to our constitution. . . . I mean an additional article taking from the federal government the power of borrowing.

Second, the Government should issue its own money:

Treasury notes of small as well as high denomination, bottomed on a tax which would redeem them in ten years, would place at our disposal the whole circulating medium of the United States.

Bank paper must be suppressed and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation to whom it belongs.

But you say the merchants will not take this paper (government currency). What the people take, the merchants must take, or sell nothing. All these doubts and fears prove only the extent of the domination which the banking institutions have obtained over the minds of our citizens, and especially of those inhabiting cities or other banking places, and this domination must be broken or it will break us.

Third, banks should not be permitted to lend money into circulation unless it is backed dollar for dollar by currency. A bank must be prohibited from lending ten dollars for every dollar in currency it holds. There should be, as Professor Irving Fisher calls it, 100 per cent money:

Banks of deposit where cash should be lodged, and a proper acknowledgement taken out as its representative, entitled to a return of the cash on demand, would be convenient. . . . But liable as its cash would be to be fraudulently reissued, or issued without deposit (ten for one), it would require skillful and strict regulation.

I am an enemy to all banks discounting bills or notes for anything but coin. But our whole country is so fascinated by this Jack-lantern wealth, that they will not stop short of its total and fatal explosion. (*1933 bank holiday and busted bank bubbles all through our history since 1791.*)

To put the financial system of Jefferson into operation now, we must do the same thing as he proposed in 1791. We must have the Government buy back all its bonds, now rapidly approaching the \$40,000,000,000 mark. The Government must buy these bonds from the banks and insurance companies and other holders with new currency that it will issue and be "bottomed by taxes." Then the banks must be prohibited from lending money which they do not own. They must be required to have one dollar in currency in their possession for every dollar they lend.

The currency that the banks and insurance companies and other holders would receive for their bonds would then be invested in the productive field of business and commercial activity would be stimulated. The Government would have \$1,000,000,000 per year more to spend on public works and relief, for it would not have to set this amount aside each year to pay the interest on its bonds. One-sixth of the tax money would no longer be turned over to the bondholders. Money depressions, caused by the contraction of the amount of money in the nation, could never occur.

There is a method by which the soul stirring words of the Declaration of Independence may be taken out of our historic attic, dusted off, and introduced into the work-a-day world of 1938. To make it possible for the glorious but dormant Declaration of Independence to become effective now we must adopt and practice Jefferson's Declaration of Financial Independence.

THE IMMUNE AMBASSADOR TRADES IN MUNITION MARKETS

Señor de los Rios has indulged in some ludicrous bungling

JOSEPH B. CODE

AN ASPECT of the Spanish Red activities in this country which has escaped public notice is the element of humor which has been unwittingly injected into what otherwise will be a sordid chapter in American history. This has been brought about by the bungling efforts of Fernando de los Rios, so-called Spanish Ambassador in Washington, and his Red allies on this side of the Atlantic. From the number of examples which might be adduced in substantiation, the following three are typical:

The case of the *Mar Cantabrico*; the abortive purchase of twenty Bellanca fighting planes; and the supply to a surprised but delighted Mexican Revolutionary General of what were literally planes from the sky, without cost to himself and at the expense of his ideological enemies.

The first case has been given a certain amount of publicity, insofar as the events leading up to the sailing of the *Mar Cantabrico* have been reported. But the fate of the ship's cargo has never been publicized by a secular press strangely sympathetic toward the destruction of all that is Christian in the past of the Spanish people. In fact, the silence of the American newspapers regarding the use which was made of the ship's cargo mercifully shielded the Red agents in this country from the ridicule which would have come to them had they given the full story.

Hence, it might not be beside the point to recall that the war materials and other supplies carried by the *Mar Cantabrico* were purchased in the Spring of 1937, chiefly by agents of the Spanish Red embassy in Washington. It is interesting to note that one of the most trusted collaborators of Fernando de los Rios in his "diplomatic activities" is Miles T. Sherover, now President of the Hanover Trading Company of 165 Broadway, New York, in 1935 President of the Soviet American Securities Corporation, and only recently exposed as the spokesman of a delegation to Washington seeking the change of our Neutrality Act. This is the same Neutrality Act which almost prevented the sailing of the *Mar Cantabrico*; the law was not passed until the ship had cleared the port and was well on its way to Mexico. After a stop at Vera Cruz, it started its journey across the Atlantic, disguised as an English merchantman.

On the way the Red sailors, as usual, executed the captain. Off the coast of what was then Red Spain, they were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Nationalist boat, *Canarias*. It was then discovered that much of the shipment on board was of such a character that it was practically useless. The planes were antique crates unfit to meet Nationalist aviation, whereas boxes labeled munitions were found to contain only bricks and stones. These boxes had been taken on board at Vera Cruz, for what was described as a gift from the Mexican radical Government to its ideological brother, the Red Government of Madrid and Barcelona. But that part of the cargo which was fit for use helped defeat the Reds around Bilbao. Professor de los Rios does not always time accurately his shipments to Europe.

The second incident which deserves recounting is that of the Bellanca planes, twenty in number, which were ordered in November, 1936, by the commercial airline "Air France," through the instrumentality of the then French Minister for Aviation, Pierre Cot, an extreme radical who had long urged direct intervention in the Spanish crisis. The cost of \$880,000 was paid in cash in advance. By April, 1937, construction had gone on to a point where one plane was taken from the Bellanca Factory, the words "Air France" were stencilled on one side, a photograph was taken of the inscription, and the plane was returned to the shop to have the name eradicated. After an investigation which revealed these "commercial" airliners as having only two seats and as being equipped with bomb racks and machine gun emplacements, the United States State Department stopped shipment of the planes to Europe. They were then sold to the Chinese Government and loaded in the New York harbor on the Shipping Board freighter *Wichita*. At San Pedro, California, the crew refused to carry them further and they were transferred to a British tramp. Unloaded in Hong Kong the boxed planes lay unguarded on the pier. It is stated that when the dilatory Chinese inspector arrived, the boxes contained scrap iron and rubbish while the kidnapped planes, manned by Japanese, took part in the battles about Shanghai.

But what about the \$880,000 paid allegedly by

the French air line? Why not ask Professor de los Rios if his bookkeeping system is elastic enough to absorb a loss that approaches almost a million.

Finally, the contribution of the Spanish Reds in Washington and Mexico to the revolting General Cedillo is something that cannot be pointed to with pride by the learned "professor" and his Red co-workers.

While Fernando de los Rios was spending huge sums to switch American public opinion in favor of the ambulant regime of Madrid-Barcelona, to say nothing of the supplies he has sent out of this country and the propaganda he has given to the mails at the expense of American taxpayers, his southern counterpart, Felix Gordon Ordas, Red Spanish Minister in Mexico, has been investing his funds chiefly in the purchase of arms on both sides of the border. But Señor Felix has not been quite as happy as his name signifies. As a matter of fact, he has had a very unhappy experience with the worthlessness of the arms foisted on him by his friends in the Mexican Government. Hence, in the Fall of 1937, he came to this country to try his luck personally. It is reliably reported that through agents already accustomed to executing the orders of the Barcelona Government, he obtained numerous planes about to be retired by American air lines.

Some of these were flown illegally to Mexico by the seven American aviators now detained under charges by the United States Department of Justice. Others were flown by six Mexican aviators, some of them officers in the Mexican Air Force. Two of these fliers were Antonio and Julio Pina, reputed among the best young Mexican pilots. On six separate occasions these Mexicans who had been engaged to fly planes in violation of our Neutrality Act for use in Red Spain arrived at their destination, Mexico City, without the airplanes. They told the interesting story that engine trouble developing, they were forced to bail out. The ships crashed, they said, and now were simply debris. When it was learned that all of the accidents took place in the State of San Luis Potosi, headquarters of General Cedillo, the latest challenge to Mexico's totalitarianism, a suddenly suspicious President Cárdenas sent out scouts to locate the crashed airplanes.

Undoubtedly, it was atmospheric conditions which prevented the Mexican Air Force from finding even a trace of the wreckage. Shortly afterwards, a certain amount of aerial activity in the State of San Luis Potosi caused official Mexico considerable embarrassment. Even our American newspapers were obliged to admit that all was not contentment under the liberal regime of America's ace dictator. Thus Red Spanish gold unwittingly paid for planes to be used against those who have allied themselves with Russia in supporting the Spanish Leftists.

The stories of stupid failures which have come out of Russia for the past twenty years can be matched to a certain degree by the antics of the Spanish Leftists in America. It remains only for Americans to enjoy more thoroughly the spectacle

of an ambassador in his more ludicrous rôle of chief of the Red mountebanks.

And yet the situation is not one entirely of humor. It might be well for the Ambassador to realize this, since his diplomatic immunity will not always completely safeguard him from investigation. One might very well wonder about the elasticity of his several bank accounts and his other securities. Indeed the American people would stand open-mouthed in astonishment if they were to be told what has happened to the absolutely huge amounts of silver which have come into this country and which the United States Treasury accepted.

DO NAVY MEN GO TO MASS?

W. A. MAGUIRE, U.S.N.



THE NAVY has been called the Silent Service and it could well be called the Hidden Service in that so few citizens of the land have a chance to inspect our men-o'-war or to meet the lads who man them. It is the correct thing today for the man of the Navy to say little about his ship or the movements of the fleet. Kodaks are as scarce as frog's hair and a spirit of hush-hush seems to pervade the casemates and messes of our fighting ships. All this is done in the interest of security and it is indeed a wise precaution. New ideas translated into new instruments of fire-control of guns, aircraft bomb-sights and the rest are difficult to procure and are, at least for the moment, priceless.

Hence, the modern bluejacket may have acquired habits of reticence, and upon that basis it may be appropriate now to say a word for him about his practice of religion.

A Navy man, as a church-goer, may not be better but certainly he is no worse than a civilian of his own age and training. The principal difference lies in his lack of immediate family or romantic influence, on a Sunday morning, to urge him to Mass. One is inclined to feel that many a young civilian goes to Mass, not only because it is in the regulations to do so, but also because he knows that his mother, his sister or his sweetheart will be there, not to check on him but rather to admire him. Nonetheless all this serves as an incentive and blocks other and easier impulses from leading him astray.

What happens on a bluejacket's Sunday morning? He "hits the deck" at six o'clock, bathes and shaves and turns to on his morning detail until breakfast at seven-thirty. If he has a Navy priest as a shipmate he knows that a Mass will be celebrated, if not at an early hour in the Crew's Club Room, then certainly at ten o'clock in one of the large compartments of the ship or beneath a deck awning on top-side. He hears a bugler sound the Church call and the bosun's mate intone his gruff admonition: "The smoking lamp is out. Knock off

all card games and keep silence about the decks during Divine Service." He hears the ship's bell tolling for worship, and he sees the church pennant, a blue cross on a white field, hoisted over the stars and stripes. Under these circumstances, if a Navy man fails to fulfil his Sunday obligation of assisting at Mass, it is his fault and not the Navy's. Attendance is voluntary but most of them go.

If a Catholic bluejacket is on board a ship having a Catholic Chaplain he experiences the same close contact with a priest that the young student enjoys at a Catholic school or college. Daily Mass is said on board our battleships and the records show that a considerable number of men attend regularly, that several receive Holy Communion daily.

Confessions are heard on board ship prior to the celebration of Mass, and it should be said in praise of the modern bluejacket that he never complains of the long fast involved in receiving the Blessed Sacrament on a Sunday morning. You may be sure a sailor is seldom known otherwise to miss a meal.

A few weeks ago the pastor of one of the parishes in Long Beach, California, where the main body of the United States Fleet is based, told his congregation that he felt impelled to remind them from time to time of the number of sailors from the fleet who receive Holy Communion at the late Masses. He stressed the fact that the sailors had been out of their bunks and hammocks early and had probably done a good day's work before "hitting the beach." He praised the bluejackets for their devotion and fidelity, and he added that they were setting a good example and hoped his people would observe and follow it.

There is good reason for a young sailor to believe that the Navy fully approves of the old-fashioned Sunday, at least that part of the routine which emphasized one's duty to go to church. At our Training Stations attendance at Mass is mandatory. At the San Diego Station there is a well appointed chapel which is used exclusively by the Catholic officers and men. The Navy unfailingly keeps a priest and a Protestant minister on duty at Training Stations because the Bureau at Washington has always recognized the value of religious training in the molding of a sailor's character. A good sailor must have in his makeup a high respect for authority and a lively respect for himself. He should be the embodiment of all those virtues which go to make for absolute dependability.

The Catholic men, serving in the heavy cruiser to which the writer is attached, should feel edified when they see, on occasion, their Executive Officer, a non-Catholic, and the First Lieutenant, also a non-Catholic, advising the Chaplain and the working party regarding the rigging of church for Sunday Mass. Also it must impress them to see these officers remain for the holy ceremony.

The Navy endeavors to provide a priest for each capital ship division composed of three or four vessels. The quota for Catholic priests in the Chaplain Corps is twenty-three. There are now sixteen priests on the active list in the Navy, serving ashore and afloat.

The Catholic men serving in ships whose Chap-

lains are Protestant ministers are not, in a spiritual way, neglected. And may it be said in gratitude that the Protestant Navy Chaplain goes far out of his way to assist the Catholic bluejacket to keep the Faith. For example, he publishes information which he receives each week from the flagship regarding the name of the ships in which Mass is to be said. He arranges for a Catholic church-party boat at nine-fifteen which takes the men to Mass and returns them to their ship after services. During the Lenten season he adheres to a fleet schedule which provides early Mass in his ship, as often as possible, that the men may have an opportunity to make their Easter duty. He will actually round up the Catholic men and turn over his cabin to the priest for Confessions. The spirit of tolerance and cooperation in religious ministry as found today in the Navy Chaplain Corps is both remarkable and praiseworthy.

It can be said safely that a high percentage of sailors go to Mass, that sailors frequently receive Holy Communion. And why shouldn't they? A Navy man leads an ordered life; he works through a disciplined day; he is inspired by ideals and traditions of an honorable service and his spiritual needs are recognized and receive careful attention. For this the modern sailor is humbly grateful.

Ministering to the spiritual needs of Navy men, ashore or afloat, at home or abroad, tenders countless happy compensations to the Navy priest. After twenty-one years in the Chaplain Corps, it is still a great pleasure to stand before a large group of strong men, to call for a volunteer to serve Mass, and to find a hefty bosun's mate step up and become again a frightened altar boy. Often men come up and request that mementos be made for members of the family when ill or that a Mass be said for departed ones. The Mass really matters in a sailorman's life.

A studious effort is made in the Navy to encourage the men to assist at Mass attentively and intelligently. Having no financial worries to share with his flock, the Chaplain—lucky fellow—finds time to explain, occasionally, the meaning of the Mass, its history, the vestments and so forth, in order to emphasize the difference between the mere going to Mass and assisting at Mass.

Among the many means employed by some of our sea-going priests is to have all hands arise at the elevation and stand at military attention, which is the Navy man's way of showing the highest respect. Invariably there is congregational singing done to the accompaniment of the ship's band. One of our Chaplains has a sailor to guide the congregation through Mass, announcing each part of the ceremony as it takes place.

There was a time, if my memory serves me faithfully, when certain pastors would complain that ex-bluejackets in their parishes would attribute their loss of interest in public worship to a cruise in the Navy. Human nature being what it is, is it not inevitable that we find some people drifting through life with an alibi in either fist? No man worthy of the uniform he once wore would make such an excuse.

TWO PIONEERS OF FREEDOM IN EDUCATION

Recollections of Edward J. McDermott and Arthur F. Mullen

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NEARLY fifty years ago, the Commonwealth of Kentucky called a convention to revise the old Constitution, or to write a new document. Kentucky entered the Union with a Constitution in 1792, and seven years later revised it. In 1850, the people concluded that further alterations were necessary, and again in 1891. At every convention changes were made in all parts of the Constitution, save one.

The one exception was the Bill of Rights written for the Commonwealth in 1791 by the great Jefferson. Its spirit of liberty under law for the citizen, and of restrictions for grasping governments, shines out in its concluding paragraph. "To guard against transgression of the high powers which we have delegated, we declare that everything in this Bill of Rights is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall remain forever inviolate."

The scope of the Bill of Rights is wide, and its enumeration of powers jealously placed beyond reach of the Government is long. As he looked at his work, Jefferson probably felt that he had planned well.

But exactly a century later, a young member of the bar of Louisville began to study this Bill of Rights, for he had been chosen one of seven delegates to represent his city at the Constitutional Convention. A Kentuckian by birth, he had taken degrees at Louisville and Dublin, and at Harvard Law School. Later he had continued his professional studies at Heidelberg, I think, and at other universities on the Continent. The name of this young man was Edward John McDermott (in that style he later signed the Constitution) and he was a Catholic.

His particular study was the fifth Section of the Bill. By this Section, the people of Kentucky had sought to make impossible discrimination against any citizen, or preference for any, because of his religious creed. The Section ordained that no person should be compelled to attend any place of worship; that civil rights, privileges, or capacities should not be taken away, diminished, or enlarged, on account of belief or disbelief; that no human authority might in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience; and at a time when Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire had what was in effect a State church, and

when in some other States the influence of one particular religion was strong enough to create practical discrimination against adherents of all others, the Section provided that no person should be compelled to contribute to the erection or maintenance of any place of worship, or to the salary or support of any minister of religion.

Thus stated, the fifth Section seemed fairly complete. But McDermott felt that an important clause was lacking.

In 1891, while Catholics were no longer shot down in the streets, their position, in certain parts of this country, left much to be desired. The old A. P. A. was flourishing, and McDermott had probably heard from eye-witnesses stories of the Know-Nothing riots in Louisville on "Bloody Monday," August 5, 1855. "The atrocities of Bloody Monday in Louisville have never been equalled in this country," writes Webb in his *Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*. "Nearly a hundred poor Irish and Germans have been butchered or burned, and some twenty houses have been fired and burnt to the ground," wrote Bishop Spalding to Archbishop Kenrick. "The city authorities, all Know-Nothings, looked calmly on, and they are now endeavoring to lay the blame on the Catholics." (Webb, p. 484.)

It is true that this bloody spirit passed, but hatred and suspicion of the Catholic Church remained to plan the attack on different lines. Apparently the anti-Catholic leaders agreed that while it was useless to butcher Catholics, it might be possible to suppress them gradually by suppressing their schools. From the days of Julian the Apostate who renounced Christ to become the first champion of the secularized school, down to our own, this alteration in program remains constant.

The public schools of those days in Kentucky were quite commonly (and quite illegally) permeated, if not by Protestant dogmatic teaching (in many smaller communities they were so permeated), at least by anti-Catholic bigotry. I know one school in which the children were informed that the Pope was the great dragon foretold in Revelations, thirteen, and in another the teachers would warn the children to avoid Catholics as witches and wizards. Textbooks, especially in history, often grossly misrepresented the creed and practices of

the Church. A succession of Protestant clergymen as superintendents of public instruction (among them the notoriously anti-Catholic Robert J. Breckinridge) had imparted a certain tone to the whole system, and all but officially that tone was definitely Protestant.

It was reasoned that if Catholic babes were obliged to attend these schools, they could be weaned from their errors. Accordingly, in some parts of the Commonwealth, years before the Oregon campaign, efforts were made by minorities (strong because organized) to force Catholic children into the public schools. I vividly remember overhearing a remark my father made as to what he would do to any x y z preacher who tried to tell him what to do with his children. It impressed me, both because I had never heard him use language like that, and because I knew how friendly he was with the local Protestant clergy.

Well, then, might McDermott feel that a new clause was needed in Section V. Carefully collaborating with other delegates who, although not Catholics, loved liberty, he wrote, introduced and saw adopted by the Convention and by the people of Kentucky, this addition to the Bill of Rights.

NOR SHALL ANY MAN BE COMPELLED TO SEND HIS CHILD TO ANY SCHOOL TO WHICH HE MAY BE CONSCIENTIOUSLY OPPOSED.

That made forever impossible in Kentucky the bigotry which arose years later in a number of States, and which actually became law in Oregon. No similar statement is contained in any other State Constitution (since the decision of the Supreme Court in the Oregon case, none is needed) but in 1891 this bar to bigotry put Kentucky in the forefront of enlightened States. Edward John McDermott died in Louisville on May 1, 1926, loved and honored by all who knew him, and in his native city and Commonwealth, his memory is in benediction. I gratefully recall the friendship with which he honored me, and his counsel in the early days of the fight against Federal control of the local schools. To the end his interest in Catholic education and its problems was youthfully alert and vigorous.

How many outside of Kentucky know this great and good man as a pioneer of freedom in education? When I read of the death on July 14 of Arthur F. Mullen, of Omaha, who took to the Supreme Court what McDermott began, and saw that great tribunal approve it, I wondered how many would remember what Mullen did to safeguard that precious freedom. His place in national politics since 1928 served to obscure it, and no mention of it was made in the press obituaries. But without Mullen in *Meyer v. Nebraska* (June 4, 1923) counsel in the Oregon case would have encountered larger, perhaps insuperable, obstacles, for the Oregon case was decided on the principles affirmed by the Court in the action so ably argued by Arthur Mullen. With the preparation of the Nebraska case I had some slight connection, furnishing, at Mullen's request, a catena of opinions on parental rights in education.

I well recall our meeting in New York after he

had argued the case. The caution usually associated with lawyers dropped from him, and he was confident of the outcome. His argument had been presented on February 23, 1923, and the Court, as it frequently does in important cases, had subjected him to searching examination. But both from the questions put, and from the manner of the questioners, Mullen believed that the Court was with him. In the end it was, by a vote of seven to two, the dissidents being Justices Holmes and Sutherland.

Far from dodging the ultimate issue in a case in which the immediate issue was the right of Robert T. Meyer to teach German in a Lutheran parish school in Nebraska, Mullen stressed almost from the beginning the right of parents to control the education of the child. Mr. Justice McReynolds at one point questioned Mullen as to his meaning.

- Q. I just want to see what you claim. What about the power of the State to require the children to attend the public schools?
- A. That is what I will come to in a moment.
- Q. You will admit that, will you not?
- A. I do not admit that.
- Q. You do not admit that?
- A. I do not admit that. I deny that a State can, by a majority of the legislature, require me to send my child to the public schools. I submit this, however: I agree with the proposition that under the police power, the State has authority to regulate private schools. I distinguish between the right to abolish an institution and to regulate it.

After more questioning, in which Chief Justice Taft joined, Mullen proceeded.

It is now seriously argued that a legislative majority can, by its mere fiat, take my children and require me to send them to a public school, and have the course of study absolutely controlled by the State. I deny that any such power exists in a constitutional government.

That question is at the very base of this case. It is a blow at education; it is striking down the principle that a parent has control over the education of his child. I deny the power of a legislative majority to take the child from its parent.

These important questions have been discussed here very quickly. The right of a man to communicate with his family, and the right of a man to give religious instruction to his children; the right to be free in his home; the right to maintain private educational institutions, and in these matters to be let alone—surely these are "privileges and immunities" protected by the Constitution of the United States. And these rights should not be fixed or limited by narrow and devitalized definitions of constitutional liberty.

Mullen won Mr. Justice McReynolds, who wrote the opinion holding the Nebraska language law unconstitutional, and he won a majority of the Court. He was well aware of the bearing of his argument on the Oregon school law which had been adopted on November 7, 1922 and he told me he believed that his reasoning would show it to be unconstitutional.

In this he was correct. On June 1, 1925, Mr. Justice McReynolds, speaking for an undivided Court, rejected the Oregon law, basing the decision on "the doctrine of *Meyer v. Nebraska*." Arthur F. Mullen had triumphed on a national field in his battle for freedom in education.

IRRESPONSIBLE LEADERS

THE rights of strikers have been a frequent topic on these editorial pages. That they have rights is undoubted, but some of them forget now and then that they have responsibilities. Even when they make nuisances of themselves, our sympathies tend to them, for the lot of wage-earners in this country is at best a hard one. Still, when they violate the law, they, like all other citizens, cannot plead immunity. But it seems to us that, as a rule, the real criminals go unscathed. They are the so-called "labor leaders" who incite to unlawful acts.

With no intention of reopening any discussion at this time of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, we may be permitted to say that the labor organization controlled by leaders of this type is in a sorry plight. Labor has nothing to gain, and everything to lose by violence. The employer can and very often does escape the force of the law either because his violence is not detected, or because it is not a kind punishable by the civil law. The wage-earner on strike has no such avenue of escape. Almost the first sign of disorder on his part brings out the police, and if it is continued the army takes the field against him.

We do not complain of this. Indeed, the State often has no other means of putting down violence. But it is a rough method. Often it punishes the guiltless along with the guilty, and inflicts on all a penalty out of proportion to the offense. Few wars and few strikes are "won." The usual outcome is injury and loss for all.

Some months ago, William J. Cameron, spokesman for the Ford Motor Company, commented in a radio address on the number of strikes that have occurred in the last two years. At a time, "when employment was the one thing most desired, more than 42,000,000 days' work was left undone by those engaged to do it." In terms of the five-day week, said Mr. Cameron, the country threw away 161,530 years. In the five-year period 1933-1937, the loss, rated by the same standard, was about 361,000 years of employment. What proportion was due to unjustified stoppages of work, and in how many cases the strikes, justified or not, were "won," Mr. Cameron did not state. But whatever injury these stoppages may have inflicted upon employers, an equal or even greater degree of suffering was borne by the strikers.

The employer is not always wrong, and there can be little doubt that many a strike is averted by sane, level-headed labor leaders. When the employer is wrong, the labor leader must oppose him, but when he is not wrong the union official does the cause of organized labor a real injury when he counsels or permits a strike. The Communists are bringing an irresponsible element into organized labor, men who care nothing for the interests of the wage-earner, and it is regrettable that such leaders as John L. Lewis do not recognize this fact. The labor union that will best serve labor is the union that insists upon labor's duties as well as on labor's rights.

DICTATORS

AS we look to Europe today, well may we thank God for the American Constitution. We have no dictators, but only administrators whom we can replace, as we see fit. If we have a grievance, we can present it to the Government without fear of reprisals, for that is a right guaranteed by the Constitution, or we can air it in the press, for that is another constitutional right. But as we thank God for the Constitution, we can also remind ourselves that a people which neglects to fight for its political rights does not long retain them. We fight for ours chiefly at the polls.

SCHOOLS AND RELIGION

SOME months ago the editor of a popular magazine put the question: "What's the matter with our system of public education?" This kidnaper, he wrote, and that murderer, and that hardly less notorious bank-wrecker, were all "high-school graduates." They learned many things at school, "but the school failed to educate them." And while the editor, with an eye on his public, did not go so far as to write that the chief fault of the public school was its failure to train the child in religion and morality, he did permit himself to suggest that education should include training of "the emotions" as well as training of the mind.

Of course, it is never fair to put all the blame for these wrecks upon the school. In at least some of the instances cited, the future criminal was subjected in childhood to evil influences which can wreck the best efforts of the most admirably conducted school. Ordinarily, these influences are found in the home. The parents need not be criminals. In some cases, it is sufficient that they be careless about the training of their children. When the cooperation of the home cannot be secured, the future of the child is gravely imperiled. He may grow up to be a useful God-fearing citizen, but the chances are that he will not.

Criminal Catholic parents are few, but careless Catholic parents are numerous. Catholics know, or should know, that among the gravest of their duties is to give their children an education in religion and in morality. They have an obligation in this respect even more

THE VOTE

WHETHER under our form of government the vote is a right or a franchise, becomes now and then a topic for dispute among students. Probably the dispute will never be authoritatively settled, but all good citizens will agree that whether the vote is a right or a concession, it should always be exercised, but always conscientiously. Good government depends very largely on good administrators, and these we elect by our votes. Whether the candidate is a Republican, a Democrat, or an independent, is itself of small moment. Is he a man who will help to give us good government?

RELIGIOUS ILLITERATES

serious than the obligation to be present at the Holy Sacrifice on Sunday, and to receive Holy Communion during the Easter time. It entails responsibilities for which they must give an account to Almighty God.

In this hurried age, it is extremely difficult for parents to give their children even the indispensable minimum of formal training in religion and morality; for some, impossible.

Many parents lack the time, and others the necessary knowledge. Granting both the time and the knowledge, possession of the rare ability to teach, does not follow. But religion and morality are not breathed in like the air. They must be taught.

To meet this situation, the Church provides her parish schools, and other institutions maintained under her authority. These do not release parents from their duties, but help them to perform them well. To the Catholic school parents can send their children with a safe conscience. They cannot keep a good conscience if, without permission, they entrust their children to any other school. Furthermore, even when this permission is sought and conceded, the obligation of giving their children an education in religion still remains. But how can they live up to this obligation, when they have deprived themselves of the aid of the Catholic school? In some cases, this may be possible. In most cases, the children will grow up to become religious illiterates.

What answer, then, can these parents make to Almighty God?

HEALTH AND VIRTUE

THIS question of public health, and of the duty of the Federal Government to protect it, will not down. Nor should it, until it is solved. Despite the opposition and the assurances of the American Medical Association, it is evident that a strong party has taken an example from the National Education Association and its campaign for Federal aid for the local schools. This party plainly admires the persistence of the N. E. A., for as soon as the debate seems tabled, it flares out.

For all its obvious staging, the meeting held at Washington on July 18 was impressive. It was impressive not only because of the delegates who talked airily of hundreds of millions of dollars to be supplied by the Government, but, more particularly, because of delegates who talked little, but who are skilled in the arts of the lobbyist and the politician. The meeting styled itself "The National Health Conference," but it was called by no less impressive a body than "The President's Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities." The Conference was greeted by a letter from President Roosevelt, and presented with a program which begins gently and temperately by requesting \$850,000,000.

We do not say that all this money, and more, is not needed to take proper care of the health of the country. The common cold, very probably, costs us that much every year. If the Government could buy a preventive, or a cure, for the common cold, for ten times that sum, we should all soon begin to increase the country's wealth, and perhaps add a little to our own. But a fear that we have never been able to lay persists, even after reading the extended accounts of the meeting. If all this money (and whatever may be extorted from future Congresses) is put in the hands of the politicians, even if they propose to work under the shield of some association with an impressive title, how much will be left to take care of sick people, and to keep healthy citizens sound?

The overhead at Washington has always been high. The tide ebbs and flows, but Washington overhead is a constant factor.

Certainly, poverty deprives many citizens of the medical care they need. No matter how generously physicians give their time, some are always overlooked. It is also evident that we occasionally find physicians who are oppressors of the poor, rather than men who believe it their first duty to aid the suffering without thought of a fee. As long as poor human nature retains its foibles and its weakness, that is all but inevitable.

It is not clear that this weakness can be changed by Act of Congress, even with an appropriation of \$850,000,000 for the first year. It could not be changed, even were the Governments to declare medicine a Federal monopoly, and make every physician a Federal employee. A Federal commission does not change human nature, and between a physician practising under the present arrangement, and a physician certified by a political board

at Washington, we should prefer to take our chances with the first.

Perhaps nothing will come in our day of the plans so airily presented at Washington. Dr. Irvin Abell, president of the American Medical Association, criticizes them as impracticable, and he probably held to this opinion, even after Miss Josephine Roche, former assistant Secretary of the Treasury, rejected it. Dr. Abell asserted that no health administrator who knew his business could approve a centrally controlled medical-service plan which failed to take into account "the varying conditions of the States, counties and cities of this country." A Federal board in control of the schools of the country, enforcing its decrees with Federal money, would probably end by ruining educational effort in the United States. That a similarly constituted Federal authority would create similar havoc in the field of medicine, is highly probable.

In discussing public health as a Federal problem, it is easy to put the emphasis in the wrong place. It seems to us that President Roosevelt did this when, in his letter to the Conference, he wrote: "Nothing is more important to a nation than the health of its people." From that statement we dissent. It is important that the people be healthy, but it is infinitely more important for the purposes of government that they be virtuous. Stout slaves cannot be the soul of government, nor can healthy rascals, unless that government is based on the principle that might makes right. Health of body is a great blessing, but a nation's greatest wealth is a virtuous people.

FUSSY PIONEERS

ON the technical merits of young Mr. Corrigan's astounding flight to Dublin in a plane of the 1929 vintage, we have, of course, no opinion. But assuming that Mr. Corrigan knew enough about his plane and himself to save him from the guilt of unnecessarily exposing himself to serious danger, we can sit back and applaud with a safe conscience.

Books of daring adventure have familiarized us with the meticulous preparations usually made by pioneers. In the old days of Arctic explorations, the leader of a party carefully chose his men, and then sat down to figure to the last ounce how much food would be needed, or, rather, how little would suffice. In this age, when the pioneer's vehicle is the air-plane, engineers plan for months, and fill acres of paper with careful calculations.

Caution is not faint-heartedness, but it can be overdone, and it generally is overdone by the fuss-budgets. Young Mr. Corrigan affords a refreshing contrast. In preparing for his flight he took only himself into his confidence, and he flew off without blare of trumpets. His chart was a map torn from an atlas, and his food supply consisted of two bars of chocolate. His flight may contribute nothing to science, but as a satire on fussy over-preparedness it has filled the world with merriment, and that makes it decidedly worth while.

WORKERS AND WHINERS

THAT interpreters find difficulties in tomorrow's Gospel (Saint Luke, xvi, 1-9) cannot be gainsaid. Some of these difficulties present themselves only to those who try to dig out of the parable of the unjust steward meanings which they cannot easily justify by Our Lord's words, but others are connected with certain phrases in the text itself.

In any case, however, the general lesson of the parable is clear. The children of this world plan and plot and *work* to win temporal success, but the children of light seem to think that success in the greatest business any man can have comes by mildly wishing for it. Verily, the children of this world are wiser "in their generation" than the children of light.

There are two kinds of Christians in this world, whining Christians, and working Christians. Working Christians are matter of fact folk who realize that while some hardship must come into every man's life, struggle is a very large part of the days and nights of a man who is really in earnest about the business of saving his soul. He does not feel the difficulties of the pilgrim's life less than others who sweat and trip, and at last give up. It is quite possible that he feels them even more keenly. But to him a difficulty is a challenge, not a signal to quit.

The whining Christian is the Missus Gummidge of the spiritual life. He is quite sure that no one ever bore burdens as heavy as those which have been placed upon his shoulders. His nature is so sensitive, his physical powers so attenuated by troubles, that he "feels things more" than others, most of whom, he thinks, are crass persons not much above the oxen. Hence when what he considers an addition is made to the load which he carries, he stops short on the road to weep and whine, as the other weary pilgrims stumble by. He seems to think that the Almighty should appear visibly to help him along. Fortunate indeed is he, if he is a Missus Gummidge to the heart, for that sad lady forgot her woes and fell to work, when real trouble came.

If Heaven is all that the inspired writers picture it, then the trials of this brief life are as nothing in comparison with its perfect happiness. If Heaven is the place where we shall know our own again, the sanctuary in which the noblest desires of our hearts shall be satisfied, the home of peace unruffled and of bliss everlasting, then it is worth all that we can pay for it in terms of sorrow and anguish, of hopes that are thwarted, of hearts that are broken. It is all that, and infinitely more.

Some part of our whining may be a natural tendency to look exclusively on the dark side of things, a habit we have of staring at the mire and forgetting the stars softly shining above us. More of it, probably, comes from an unacknowledged, perhaps unsuspected, self-sufficiency. Self-centered persons are always surprised and discouraged by their falls. We must be wholly in earnest about our salvation, but at the same time, let us remember two truths. To save our souls, God's help is needed. Next, God's help is always with us, if we will but use it.

CHRONICLE

THE ADMINISTRATION. C.I.O. leaders in Ohio adopted a resolution supporting President Roosevelt for a third term. . . . A National Health Conference, called at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, convened in Washington. A national health program, to cost \$850,000,000 a year for ten years, was submitted to the Conference for consideration. . . . A recent Congressional amendment, signed by President Roosevelt, permits the American consulate in Rome to act as the authenticating agent for documents of record in Vatican City in order that the documents may be used as evidence in United States courts. The amendment commences with the words: "Until the United States shall have a consular representative resident in the State of Vatican City." The last American Minister to the Vatican was Rufus King, of Wisconsin, appointed by Abraham Lincoln in 1863. . . . Elmer F. Andrews, New York State Industrial Commissioner, was appointed administrator of the Labor Standards Act, the wage-hour law passed in the last Congress. . . . Ending his trans-continental tour, President Roosevelt asked the voters of California to send Senator ("dear Mac") McAdoo back to the Senate. Declaring the United States would cooperate in any move toward reduction in world armament, Mr. Roosevelt said: "We fervently hope for the day when the other leading nations of the world will realize that their present course must inevitably lead them to disaster." The President then reviewed sixty-three gray United States men-of-war anchored in San Francisco bay. On the U. S. cruiser Houston, Mr. Roosevelt sailed for a three-weeks fishing trip. . . . Testifying before the Congressional investigating committee, former T.V.A. chairman Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, charged the T.V.A. board of directors wasted millions of dollars in power and agricultural programs.

AT HOME. WPA wages were raised an average of \$3.90 a month more in eight Southern States. Purchase of \$3,000,000 worth of women's winter coats for distribution in the Fall was announced by WPA officials. . . . The Government filed an anti-trust suit against Paramount Pictures, Inc.; Loew's, Inc.; Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.; Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation; Columbia Pictures Corporation; Universal Corporation; United Artists Corporation; the trustee for Radio-Keith-Orpheum Corporation. . . . In a nine-year-old Curtiss Robin plane, for which he paid \$900, Douglas Gorce Corrigan, thirty-one-year-old Californian, flew out of New York, across the Atlantic Ocean, came down on Baldonnel Airfield, Dublin, in twenty-eight hours, thirteen minutes. A year ago he had asked Washington for permission to fly the Atlantic, been refused because his plane was deemed too ancient.

He had no permit from Washington to go, no permit from Dublin to land. His flight stirred the world's imagination, was pronounced one of the most daring feats in aviation annals. Said Denis Mulligan, director of the Air Commerce Bureau in Washington: "It's a great day for the Irish." Said Corrigan: "All the time I thought I was flying back to California. My mistake. It shows what a bum navigator I am."

GREAT BRITAIN. Chancellor Hitler's overtures to England for a peaceful solution of the Czech-German problem were no surprise to Premier Chamberlain, although utterly unexpected by British officials and the public. The plea for better relations between Germany and Britain was timed to counteract the British royal visit to France and the uneasiness in Berlin over the apparent closeness of the Anglo-French entente. For more than a year it has been no secret that Chamberlain has been his own foreign minister to an extent unknown since the days of Lloyd George. He has been working under cover for a general settlement in Europe under the auspices of Britain, France, Italy and Germany. He is committed to a settlement in Spain, involving troop withdrawals, before the Anglo-Italian treaty can be brought into effect, but no such commitment hampers him in the case of Czechoslovakia. There is one condition, however, he must fulfil: that he carry the French with him in anything he undertakes with the Germans. . . . In a "test case" about the legality of inducing an abortion, Dr. Aleck Bourne, leading London physician, was acquitted by a jury, as the crowd cheered the verdict. The fifteen-year-old girl had been the victim of a mass assault, and the presiding judge in summing up said that the doctor "had performed an act of charity without fee." The justice practically directed acquittal on the grounds that the end justified the means taken to prevent the girl from becoming a mother, and that discretion should be allowed physicians to perform abortions.

SINO-JAPANESE WAR. Army officers, bitterly opposed to the choice of Tokyo as the site of the 1940 Olympic Games, made the present conflict the occasion of forcing their cancellation. The good will fostered by the Olympics is against the army's foreign policy; but the public is bitterly disappointed, feeling that the nation has lost face abroad, and even more at home, and that many concessionaires will go bankrupt. . . . Chinese fliers claimed that twenty-five Japanese warships were sunk by them and nineteen badly damaged in the past two weeks of raiding along the Yangtze. . . . A Tokyo note to Washington said that chaos in

China prevents return of American property in occupied areas of China and compels restrictions on the rights of foreigners there.

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FRANCE. King George and Queen Elizabeth of England were greeted by Paris throngs with a warmth rivaling that accorded them by their own subjects on their enthronement day. The King and President Lebrun stressed the mutual ties of amity between their respective nations. . . . Meanwhile, secret conferences went on between diplomatic representatives of Britain and France, with conciliation and pacification depending on their conclusions with reference to the aims of Hitler. . . . Samuel Insull, former utilities king, dropped dead in a Paris subway, with twenty cents in his pocket.

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SPAIN. The War entered into its third year with the collapse of the Republicans in the Mora de Rubielos salient, as General Franco's drive rolled downhill toward Valencia. The Castille Army Corps, under General Varela, encircled Barracas and threatened Segorbe. An advance of ten miles was made toward Sagunto, the key to Valencia. When this city is captured, besides the port, harbors and ship-yards that will come to the Nationalists, there remains only flat country, presenting no natural obstacles, for the launching of a direct, motorized assault on Valencia itself. . . . Franco proclaimed three festive days, "African Day," "Uprising Day," and "National Revolution Day," to mark the anniversary of the revolt that has made him the liberator of three-fourths of his country. . . . Republican troops in retreat were shelled from the sea by the Franco navy, and it is reported impossible for any more ships to run the blockade off Valencia, thus rendering the occupation of Madrid more arduous. . . . In a broadcast to all Spain, General Franco roundly denounced Russia's intervention and scornfully repudiated claims of Republican leaders that they are patriotically combating foreign invaders. He accused Premier Negrin and Foreign Minister del Vayo of being servile agents of Moscow and declared Spain's "national health" would require their "quarantine" in the future. "Their misguided and cheated followers," he added, "can be pardoned with Christian generosity when their eyes have been opened," but it will be the duty of all good Spaniards to remember always the crimes of those responsible for 144,000 assassinations in Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. He asserted that this war was only a continuation of the sanguinary Asturian revolt engineered by Communists in 1934. "I am convinced," he said, "that they can never win a military victory over us and they are already preparing to undermine the new Spain when peace returns."

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ITALY. A vigorous racial policy aimed at preserving the "Aryan" and "purely European character of the Italians" from contamination by any "extra-European race" is being advocated by a

group of anonymous Fascist scientists. While disclaiming any wish to introduce German racial theories, they point out that no noteworthy immigration into Italy has taken place for a thousand years, and therefore the Italian population may be considered homogeneous except for the Jews, who are the "only population that has never been assimilated because it is made up of non-European racial elements, differing absolutely from the elements that have given origin to the Italians." Catholic papers in Italy commented moderately, biding developments that might indicate a trend to the Nazi theory which summarily divides all humans into the elect and pariahs. Idolatry of pure blood, they point out, has been already repudiated by Mussolini, while it remains the fetish of Hitler, who is plainly heretical in his denial of the solidarity and the equality before God of the entire human race.

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GERMANY. German stock exchanges suffered their worst days since Hitler came to power. Despite rigid control prices tumbled four, five, six and in individual cases down to nine points in what German papers themselves call a sensational collapse. Simultaneously, as one contributing factor to that collapse it was revealed that Germany's foreign trade continues to shrink steadily at a quickening pace and exports from Great Germany, including Austria, are now far less than the exports from the old part of the Reich alone just preceding annexation, while Great Germany's total foreign trade deficit for the first half of this year amounts to about 175,000,000 marks, compared with a surplus of 194,000,000 for the corresponding period last year. . . . The Italian racial manifesto, which recently proclaimed the Italian race "Aryan, Nordic and heroic" and turned against intermarriage with "non-European" elements, such as Jews and Africans, was hailed in Germany as a victory for Hitler's ideology of race, presaging further conquests in other lands.

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FOOTNOTES. Provincial governments and legislatures are conceded to Sudeten Germans and Hungarians in Czechoslovakia in the new nationalities statute ready for consideration of the Prague Parliament. . . . Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania died at the age of sixty-two. . . . The Bolivian Congress granted the President the right to suppress Rightist newspapers. . . . The 1940 Olympic Games will be held in Finland. . . . Bolivia and Paraguay signed a treaty of peace ending the Chaco argument. Paraguay retains possession of practically the entire Chaco territory; Bolivia, not altogether satisfied, obtains an outlet to the Atlantic. . . . Pope Pius assailed "excessive nationalism" as contrary to the "spirit of the Credo and of the Faith." The Holy Father received thousands of petitions from American Indians asking him to canonize the Indian maid, Kateri Tekawitha. . . . The United States Embassy in Mexico City challenged the seizure of an American-owned mine by labor unionists.

CORRESPONDENCE

MARRIAGE LEGISLATION

EDITOR: In my article, *Social Diseases and Marriage Legislation* (AMERICA, July 2), I wrote that the recent New York legislation could not, in my judgment, be properly styled "an impediment" to marriage. This view seems to be sustained by Article 3 of Section 25 of the Domestic Relations Law, which provides that failure to secure a marriage license does not make subsequent marriage voidable, except for minors or a minor "upon complaint of such minors or minor, or of the parent or guardian thereof."

Hence should one authorized to solemnize marriages in the State assist at the marriage of a couple who do not present a license, the failure of the parties to obtain a license will have no effect on the legal validity of the marriage. The officiating clergyman or other officer would, of course, be subject to penalty, but the marriage would be legal.

New York, N. Y. PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

EXCOMMUNICATED

EDITOR: Father Menendez-Reigada has proved convincingly that the Spanish War is a holy war by reason of its object. The evidence is overwhelming. The struggle is between Naturalism and Supernaturalism or between Christocracy and Judeocracy. In this country it is evident that Catholic editors have the jitters when it comes to the Jewish question.

Now your statement that the Spanish War is not a "holy war" nor a "religious crusade" makes my Catholic blood boil. It upsets my stomach. Is Mari-tain your prophet? Are you blind or pusillanimous for fear of the Jews?

Please stop sending me your Review. You owe me nothing. I have excommunicated your cousin, the *Commonweal*, also. I shall get my reviews from England, where editors are more militant and fearless.

New York, N. Y.

R. J. D.

PARTIAL IMPARTIALISTS

EDITOR: Congratulations upon your irrefutable comment, *The Commonweal and the Spanish War*. The *Commonweal* editors can congratulate themselves upon your admirable moderation and charity. They would have deserved quite a different handling. How wilfully insincere and partial impartialists can be when they refuse to study carefully the case of the Spanish Nationalists! What are they afraid to find by impartial investigation? The truth?

I recommend to the *Commonweal* editors and their likes the *Joint Letter of the Spanish Bishops* to the Bishops of the whole world. Concluding their pastoral, a masterpiece of prudence and moderation the Bishops write:

To the sorrow of what we are suffering at present has been added that of our sufferings by not having been understood. And that of increasing them with lies, with subterfuges, with twisted interpretation of facts. Not even have we been done the honor of being considered as victims. Reason and justice have been weighed in the same balance as wrong and injustice, perhaps the greatest that centuries have seen. To paid newspapers, to impudent pamphlets or to the compositions of the Spanish betrayer, who has dragged through the world with contempt the name of his mother country, the same credit has been given as to the voice of the prelates or to the conscientious study of the moralist or to the authentic narration of the mass of facts which are an affront to human history. Help us to diffuse the truth. Its rights cannot be set aside, especially when it concerns the honor of a people, the prestige of the Church, and the salvation of the world. Help us to make known the contents of this letter, watching over the Catholic press and propaganda, rectifying the mistakes of that which is indifferent or adverse. The enemy has copiously sowed the cockle; help us to sow profusely the good seed.

Indeed, afflicted Bishops, the cockle has been sown to good effect. Catholics, even Catholic editors, have been smothered under it. Instead of heeding the dignified appeal for help and brotherly assistance our impartialists by their partial impartiality contribute to the sorrows of their suffering brethren in the Spain of the Nationalists.

St. Francis, S. Dak.

JOSEPH H. WELS

JEOPARDY

EDITOR: In John Wiltbye's excellent article, *The N. E. A. and Federal Funds* (AMERICA, July 16), I see a perfect analogy to another perennial problem, namely, the problem of public support for parish schools.

I do not see how we can accept one iota of contribution from borough, county, state or Federal Government without paving the way for future reciprocal interference.

In a non-Catholic country it is a great privilege to be allowed to conduct private schools, second only to the right of free worship. Let us never jeopardize this right for a financial assistance temporarily expedient.

In Italy, where the State supports Church edifices and clergy, it has done nothing but teach the people that they have no obligation in this respect.

Educate the American laity out of their present good habit of supporting the parish schools and you will regret it.

Bristol, Pa.

WALTER H. SMITH

LITERATURE AND ARTS

HOW TO KEEP CHEERFUL IN VERY HOT WEATHER

LEONARD FEENEY

WHAT comforts has literature to offer by way of keeping us Catholics cheerful and cool in this very hot weather? I have tried to make a few notes on the subject and will set them down shortly.

What horrors derive from the world at large to make us uncheerful, hot, depressed, this summer, there is no one who does not know.

Besides all this, it is very hot at the moment, or, maybe, as somebody said in one of the most annoying distinctions ever foisted on the English Language: "It's not the heat; it's the humidity." I prefer to call it the heat.

I shall offer my soda-fountain consolation just as it pops out in my mind, with little order, and no coherence.

There first occurs the thought that the Sodality Summer Schools of Catholic Action (or is it of Catholic Leadership?) will start circuiting around the country again this summer, and, stopping their caravan in many and varied cities, will give those bright-eyed, clear-eyed young Americans who believe in the Apostle's Creed, judicious instruction concerning prayer, personal holiness, knowledge of the Scriptures and the Liturgy, a familiarity with the social and economic problems of the Church, and, incidentally, an enthusiasm for Catholic Literature, through which their minds are nourished in finding God beautiful, as well as good and true. The Sodality Conferenciers entrust the Literature apostolate to a man who is one of the best cures for the blues I know. His name is Father Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J., and a wave of Catholic book buying, borrowing and reading always follows him.

There is another note of cheer which I touch on immediately, perhaps through prejudice. Catholics in America have begun to sing. It can no longer be said of us

Their doors are shut in the evening
And they know no song.

The quality of our verse is improving every month, every week. Led by the gayest and loveliest of our nightingales, the nuns, those who will always know best where to lead us in the paths of song, there is emerging in this country a body of poetry that bids fair to equal the best lyric utter-

ances ever made. It may be only, if Stalin and Hitler prevail, "A Song at the Scaffold." But it is song.

What should we know,
For better or worse,
Of the Long Ago,
Were it not for verse:
What ships went down;
What walls were razed;
Who won the crown;
What lads were praised? . . .

Books of information on all important Catholic subjects now abide in our libraries and book-shops. In the fields of history, philosophy, liturgy, social problems, hagiography, juveniles, criticism, etc., there is such an abundance of good things so interestingly written that it would be difficult to keep up with the output even if one did nothing but read Catholic literature from one year's end to the other. Our spare diets are still the novel and the drama.

However, it is nice to know that the most intensely beautiful dramatic lines spoken on an American stage in the last year came from the lips of a priest's little servant-girl, in apostrophes to her namesake, Saint Brigid. True, these lines were given to us in *Shadow and Substance* by a boisterous, and rather belligerent Irishman, speaking out of his tradition rather than out of his own heart. But we were the audiences who listened most attentively to such things as: "Don't say anythin' about me face, Canon, or I would want it to be like Saint Brigid's face with the niceness torn out of it with pain." And again; to her patroness: "Make it somethin' that has been burned in the fire . . . somethin' burned black with flame. . . ." After these lines one is content to let the Leftists keep their *Pins and Needles*.

Another thing which we Catholics must take over soon, unless we want to let our poor people be turned wholesale into a crowd of boobs and morons, is the radio. And I do not mean merely in our broadcast hours of Catholic doctrine. I mean almost more imperatively in our music, entertainment, instruction, fun. I do not need to write a long dissertation on this point. I need only to give the most obvious examples. It is the Buckshot Breakfast Food Company, on the air at 7.15 p.m.:—

Alright, Howard. Bring up the next contestant. . . . Right this way sir. . . . Please step right up to the microphone. . . . Thank you, sir, thank you very much! . . . Very good, now what is your name, sir? . . . A little louder if you please. . . . Your name is Jones? . . . Very good, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . And your first name, if I might ask? . . . Rupert Jones. . . . Very good, Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . You're not any relation, by any chance to Mr. Jacob Ruppert, owner of the New York Yankees? . . . What's that? . . . As far as you know you're not? . . . Excellent Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . And by the way, that question is not going to count against you. . . . That was just a little preliminary question to make you feel at home with us and our radio audience. . . . And, furthermore, this next question is not going to count against you either. . . . I'm just asking it by way of, well I may say, curiosity, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . You see what I mean, Mr. Jones? . . . You do? . . . Very good! . . . Well, Mr. Jones, just by way of curiosity, are you married, or are you a bachelor? . . . You're a bachelor. . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! Very good, Mr. Jones! . . . And—may I ask?—have you any intention of not remaining a bachelor, or, in other words, have you any intention of getting married? . . . You don't know? . . . An excellent answer, Mr. Jones, an excellent answer! . . . You don't know. . . . He doesn't know, ladies and gentlemen, and how could a man be expected to answer any better than that! . . . Thank you, Mr. Jones, for your excellent, I might say brilliant, answer. . . . And now for our formal questions Mr. Jones. . . . The first question is one of vocabulary, or I might say of etymology, possibly the word "dictionary" might suggest to you best what I am driving at. . . . And here—here, Mr. Jones is the question. . . . Are you ready? . . . Well, let's go! . . . Now Mr. Jones, what is the difference in meaning between the words "minaret" and "minuet"? . . . Now, take your time, Mr. Jones, and don't hurry! . . . We'll give you plenty of time. . . . But, first of all, have you got the two words? . . . You have? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones! . . . And now, for the benefit of our radio audience, what is the difference between "minaret" and "minuet". . . . One of them is a dance! . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, positively excellent! . . . You're absolutely on the right track. . . . Now tell us, if you please, Mr. Jones, which one is the dance? . . . you're not quite sure? . . . Well, maybe I could help you a bit, that is in a legitimate way, without, of course, any coaching. . . . Mr. Jones, what is it that makes you even remotely surmise that a "minaret" is a dance? . . . What's that? . . . A little louder, if you please! . . . Because it reminds you a little bit of cabaret? . . . Well now, Mr. Jones, most of us would not call that word, cabarett, we would call it cabaray! . . . What's that? Oh you wouldn't? . . . Well I can't hold that completely against you, and there may be some dictionaries, Mr. Jones—none of us is infallible, you know—which would justify your pronunciation! . . . But to come to the point, because time is passing, you know, Mr. Jones—not that we want to hurry you—but we *do* want to get on with this program—as your final decision, which word would you say

DOES mean a dance, a "minaret" or a "minuet"? . . . Well, what would be your best guess in the matter? . . . What's that? . . . "Minuet". . . . CORRECT, ladies and gentlemen. . . . Mr. Jones has answered the first question absolutely correctly! . . . Your score so far, Mr. Jones, is ONE HUNDRED PER CENT, a marvelous performance! . . .

And now for our second question. . . . Inasmuch as you are one up on us already, Mr. Jones, I rather feel I can "throw the ball right over the middle of the plate" on this question, if you know what I mean. . . . You do? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, excellent! . . . Now here, sir, is your second question. . . . It's a bit of a psychological problem. . . . You don't mind one of those, do you? . . . Of course not, I knew you wouldn't. . . . Very well, Mr. Jones. . . . Here is my second question. . . . When you put your shoes on in the morning—I rather imagine that you *do* put your shoes on in the morning, don't you? . . . Of course, ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . Well, tell us, Mr. Jones, which do you put on first, your right shoe or your left shoe? . . . What's that? . . . You'd like to think that over for a few minutes? . . . Well, I can hardly blame you, because that question is a bit of a stickler. . . . But really, Mr. Jones, because our time is passing quickly, I'd like to have you plunge right into this question and answer it according to your instincts in the matter, rather than according to your measured reason. . . . Come now, give us your best answer. . . . What's that? . . . You think you usually put on your left shoe, first, but occasionally you suppose you *may* put on your right shoe first? . . . Excellent, Mr. Jones, a brilliant answer! . . . Not exactly final, but I should say seventy-five per cent correct. . . . Howard, give the gentleman seventy-five per cent on that question. . . . That gives you a score at the moment, Mr. Jones of one hundred and seventy-five per cent, and that is what I call, in any league, having a pitcher in a hole, supposing myself for the moment to be the pitcher. . . . And now, Mr. Jones I give you the last and final question. . . . You have done brilliantly so far, so I expect this question will be a set-up. . . . However, here it is. . . . Is this statement true or false (all you need to answer is yes or no). . . . Is this statement true or false: "Mahatma Ghandi is an Indian? . . . What's that? "Of course not?" . . . I'm sorry, Mr. Jones, but you're wrong on that last question. . . . Mahatma Ghandi is an Indian. He is not a West Indian, but he is an East Indian, because he lives in East India. . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . Well, Mr. Jones I congratulate you. . . . You have achieved the very creditable score of one hundred and seventy-five per cent. . . . An excellent score, Mr. Jones. An excellent score! . . . And now as a reward for your prowess let me award you a free package of Buckshot Breakfast Food, the only breakfast food that contains ALL the vitamins. . . . And I hope that you will enjoy them, Mr. Jones, and continue to enjoy our Buckshot even when you have ceased to be a bachelor. . . . Ha, ha, ha, ha! . . . And now, Howard, will you bring up the next contestant, please. . . .

My dear fellow Catholics! How long must we endure this, on the radio, in such hot weather?

WHISPERS

She was quite the talk of the town;
The type of woman
About whom respectable matrons whispered,
When grouped together
For a sociable afternoon,
And the daughters of these correct ladies,
In delicious and muted secrecy,
Mentally stroked the sheen of her vivid satins,
And marveled at the boldness of her smile,
While small boys,
At the risk of a violent cuff on their eaves-dropping ears,
Pointed at her on the street,
And said her name cautiously to one another.
Yes, she was quite the talk of the town,
And it is interesting,
That now, years later,
The great-great-great,
And many times great-grand-children,
Of the women of her time,
Speak in whispers,
Not of her,
But to her,
As they say:
"Saint Mary Magdalen, pray for us."

MARY LANIGAN HEALY

TO AN HUMBLE LOVER

What other head but yours would seek to rest
Above this heart, against this arid breast;
What other soul but yours could pleasure find
Within the compass of this narrow mind;
What other eyes could thus behold in me
Not what I am but what I long to be.

You of all men alone could so abide
Content with barren wife and stubborn bride.
Delight and sorrow, grief and grace to me
Is this, life's strangest, subtlest mystery:
Light and darkness strangely met and mated,
And in my lowliness Love satiated.

SISTER JEANNE MARIE

UNEARTH

(Her daughter takes the veil)

Gardener of Eden and Gethsemane,
Gently unearth this rosebush that has grown
In the sunken garden of my heart, and be
Gentle to her who yields it yet unblown.
Gardener of Eden, where this tender stem
Henceforth will know the strength of other fingers,
And these leaves brush another's garment hem,
You will not care if round the root there lingers
Something of native soil to swell the bud
Till that root sinks in You as once in me . . .
Unearth the rosebush of my flesh and blood,
Gardener of Eden—and Gethsemane!

ALFRED BARRETT

OLD WOMAN CARRYING STICKS

Mother of Mercies! why is she bent
And blown about when the storm is spent?

What is she doing, peering, prying,
Listening to the small winds crying—

Her voice sharp as a crazy child,
Her hair daft, and her eyes wild?

O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
What does she look for that is lost,

Beneath her shawl fire-faggots pressed
Like nursled things against her breast?

JOHN LOUIS BONN

BEFORE PLAYING WITH CHILDREN

I will wash my hands among the innocent
And borrow from their laughter what I may;
Let me become among the innocent
Both wise and gay.

And may the feet that walk with innocence
In sandals of humility be shod.
I will wash my soul among the innocent
And play with God!

KATHERINE TERRY DOOLEY

LOST LEADER

Despondent ones who ask
If he will not return,
Resume his former task,
Submit himself to learn
A single lesson more—
No! for he is at peace.
The room is dark, the door
Is shut forever. Cease
To knock and importune.
Forget him, let him rest.
And if he left too soon,
Replace him quickly lest
Your hearts turn anxiously
From sunlight to the grave.
Your final courtesy
Toward the dead is to be brave.

HELENE MULLINS

TO A SEASHELL

Oh, happy shell thou art, thy tenant fled,
By all God's singing seas inhabited.
Would not this soul of mine, its self unbound,
With oceans of omnipotence resound?

SISTER MARY IGNATIUS

BOOKS

A DRAMA OF THE HIERARCHY

SECOND SPRING, A PLAY. By Emmet Lavery. Longmans, Green and Co. \$1.50

EMMET LAVERY, whose predilection in the drama is for priests and their ups and downs, having given us the Jesuits in *The First Legion*, the Secular Clergy in *Monsignor's Hour*, now steps into the ranks of the hierarchy and writes a dramatization of the life story of Cardinal Newman. The play, as yet not produced on the stage, contains a prolog, an epilog and three acts, embracing in all seventeen scenes. The protagonist appears first at the age of twenty-one, and disappears not until he is seventy-nine. This is a large order in every way, and quite incompatible with Aristotle's requirements, but probably the only way the story could be written if Mr. Lavery was to fulfil his promise of giving us not Newman the scholarly recluse, but the human Newman, the friend, brother, student, teacher, apostle, priest, prince, even Newman the wit, the sentimentalist, the violin player.

Whether or not this play could be managed on the stage I do not know, though Mr. Lavery gives careful suggestions as to how it could. Its main handicap as presented drama seems to me to be in the extraordinary number of important persons in the play. The producer of *Second Spring* will have to find actors to play all of the following characters and many others: Newman, Froude, Keble, Pusey, Wilberforce, Frederick Faber, Gladstone (and Mrs. Gladstone), Manning, Ullathorne, Vaughan, Wordsworth, not to speak of Dr. Russell of Maynooth, Dr. Moriarty of Kerry, the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Nina and Pope Leo XIII. It will surely be quite a task to cast and costume such a crowd, and to keep each character subordinate to the rôle of the English Cardinal himself.

Apart from this one misgiving, which is only incidental to my criticism of the piece, I am ready to lavish every praise I can command on the head of young Lavery. The ease, the grace, the penetration, the interpretation and creation of his writing are truly masterful. He is a born dramatist, and proves it by triumphing over the tremendous handicaps facing him when he undertook to write this play. If it never gets beyond the status of closet drama it will even so have remarkably fulfilled its purpose, because it is one of the finest pieces of dramatic writing ever done by an American. So one can only thank Mr. Lavery, praise him, and wish him luck, while recommending to everyone who likes good theatre this brilliant dramatization of the life-story of John Henry Newman.

LEONARD FEENEY

THE TACTICIAN OF THE RED REVOLUTION

LENIN. By Christopher Hollis. Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

AMID the deluge of books being penned about Communists and Communism, books only too often filled with caustic invective and barbed bitterness, it is indeed a relief to read this calm scholarly biography from the gifted pen of Christopher Hollis.

Lenin—the man who “shook the world,” who, to borrow Maurice Hindus’ phrase, “uprooted humanity,” the man who in seven short years remolded directly or indirectly almost the entire structure of Europe, the

“mummy of Moscow” whose designs incarnate in the Comintern still endanger the foundations of every nation—here was a character that any biographer might have colored with glamorous rhetoric or sensationalized into a best seller.

Yet Christopher Hollis, with the objectivity and the passionless pen of an historian writing a century hence, has portrayed for us the real Lenin, the man, the revolutionary, the founder of the U. S. S. R.

This book is more than a biography. Karl Marx formulated the doctrines of Communism. Nicholas Lenin has contributed its tactics of revolution. No student of the workings of the Comintern can afford to be without this clear analysis of the strategy of the greatest revolutionary tactician of all time. One has but to strike out the Russian names and substitute names only too well known in America, and the effect is to startle one out of apathy.

There is almost a morbid interest in reviving the early associations of Lenin with men such as Trotsky, Stalin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, Litvinov, Dimitrov, etc. The documented stories of Stalin's machinations, of Lenin's contempt for democracy, of the Trotsky-Lenin-Stalin feud will afford little comfort to the followers of “the Peoples Front” in the U. S. A.

Those who are striving to prevent “the liquidation of liberty” in lands like ours owe Christopher Hollis a distinct debt not only for a splendid biography, but for the surgical incisiveness with which he has laid bare the theory and practice of the tactics of revolution of Lenin. This book will live. It demands a place in the library of every student of contemporaneous history and of modern political philosophy. RAYMOND T. FEELY

EUROPE'S MOST DEVOUTLY CATHOLIC COUNTRY

TOWNS AND PEOPLE OF MODERN POLAND. By Robert Medill McBride. Robert M. McBride and Co. \$3

THE POLISH people have a long past. It is full of sad experience, but there are also glorious memories to quicken the national pulse and encourage brave efforts to build a better future. Fifth among the powers of Europe in area and in population with its 150,000 square miles and its 34,000,000 hopeful and hard-working inhabitants, the new nation has a significance that is worthy of close study. The book under review provides an easy introduction to a more intimate understanding of a situation that has aroused much sympathetic admiration.

The modern face-lifting which still fails to hide the medieval character of the larger towns, and particularly the “miracle” of Gdynia, a fishing village transformed into the first port on the Baltic, will interest most readers. But in this confused and stumbling civilization two features of resurgent Poland invite attention. Faced by the godless Colossus on the east, Poland is deeply religious, “the most devoutly Catholic country in Europe.” Surrounded on all sides by a self-strangling industrialism, the people still cling close to the soil. Given a few years of peace, Poland has the promise of solid growth. And the rest of the world can learn from her.

The author has a long series of similar travelogs to his credit. In Poland he has found a likely subject for his powers of rapid smooth-flowing description. Apparently, he wrote as he moved from scene to scene, cleverly interspersing the narrative with odds and ends

gathered from guide books, encyclopedias and general histories. Here a monument, there a church, recalls heroic figures of the past, Jagiello, Sobieski, Kosciuszko, or Pilsudski. Kings and warriors fit naturally into the story. We miss the great Saints, but we readily forgive the oversight as we elbow our way with Mr. McBride through the milling throngs of pious pilgrims at Czes-tochowa.

For a non-Catholic, he does an excellent job of reporting. He seems to grasp the meaning of Polish devotion to the Madonna, and he has the good taste to omit the casual slurs that come so easily from a Protestant pen. He is guilty of two or three pardonable slips when he ventures into the historico-theological field. But on the whole, his account is refreshing. The book is not a great book, but it makes pleasant and wholesome reading.

R. CORRIGAN

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

REFORMER: SAINT CHARLES BORROMEO. By Margaret Yeo. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$3

THAT Charles Borromeo was a Cardinal and Papal Secretary of State at the age of twenty-two and yet lived on to reach the heights of sanctity is remarkable in itself and typical of the man. For the nepotism of successive Pontiffs was an open doorway, leading to glory for many an ambitious, young worldling, and sometimes to disgrace for the Church. To Borromeo the high office was a gift of God to be used only for His honor. If there is anything that stands out in Margaret Yeo's *Reformer: Saint Charles Borromeo*, it is this single-minded, simple love of God.

His years (1538-1584) were short but full, jammed with all the hectic struggles of the false and the true reformations. After directing Papal policy from Rome during the reopened Council of Trent (1562-1563), he entered his Archiepiscopal See of Milan and set in motion the reforms which the Council had commanded. From the clergy, laity, and particularly from a series of petty, proud governors appointed by Philip the Prudent of Spain, he met violent opposition. His will was as a sharp sword in the battle for God. But all was not steel in his soul. When the plague visited Milan in 1576, priests fled, the Governor fled, the rich fled, but Charles tended the sick and buried the dead with his own hands. Years of strife were his and also years of loving care for his flock. Miss Yeo's book is at once a colorful panorama of turbulent times and a splendid, full-length portrait of a Champion of God.

ANTHONY S. WOODS

BRASS TACKS. By A. G. Keller. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$2

THE AUTHOR is Professor of the Science of Society at Yale University where in 1899 he received his Ph.D. and where he has since taught. He was collaborator with William Graham Sumner in writing the four volumes of the Science of Society. The title of the present book comes from the fact that Dr. Keller endeavors in it to apply the common sense point of view as had through the ages and by primitive tribes to basic human facts, thus to establish indispensable social virtues.

In these days of sensationalism, Dr. Keller is happily sane. The desideratum in his book is an appreciation of revealed religion to solidify his arguments from reason and tradition. There is Napoleonic pragmatism in "The strongest disciplinary instrument . . . has been the taboo: 'Thou saith the Lord: Thou shalt not.' If the disciplinary function of religion, in holding men inexorably to the moral code it sanctions, ever lapses, human society will be put to it for a substitute." Dr. Keller could have illustrated his point from godless education.

His style is pleasing, full of fun in fact, something that one rarely finds in sociological treatises. Thus he

can pungently penetrate selfish attitudes and the prick is not resented. "A man can still be made or marred by his wife. And vice versa. Marriage is a great life-crisis, the other two being birth and death." Totalitarianism gets a new species: "Statism, a theory contending for the insignificance of the individual interest as compared with that of the State." In the hands of Dr. Keller, the science of society is in no danger of becoming dreary or unprofitable.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

FIGHTING FOOLS. By Brigadier General James E.

Edmonds, U.S.N.G. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.50

NO matter who profits by a war, the fighting man does not. He must pay the cost by his life, by disability or by disease. It is from the viewpoint of such a man that General Edmonds approaches his subject. After looking at the record of our past military campaigns, he draws his conclusions in *Fighting Fools*. He bases these observations on two factors. First, the fable that the American people have always been peace-loving folk is false. We have always been fighters. From the Revolution to the World War we Americans have been a quarrelsome, land-grabbing lot, quick to demand "our rights," though those "rights" were to despoil other nations of what is at present three-fourths of continental United States. It is only after each war that we cry "peace," like the man who has just finished a dinner and who forgets that he will be hungry again. Knowing ourselves, perhaps we can avoid "incidents" that lead to war.

The second factor is that we have been fools. Despite all the experience, costly both in lives and money, that past wars have afforded us, we have never prepared for any struggle we entered. This neglect has brought us close to disaster time and again. Yet the lesson is still to be learned, even at this late date in a troubled world, that "an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure." The records show that we have always overlooked the "ounce of prevention" and consequently have had to pay the extreme price in lives and money for the "ton of cure."

What about the future? In clear logical terms General Edmonds offers a plan, adaptable to our mode of living, that can assure us a proper degree of preparedness. Written in a vivid, easy-flowing style, this book is both interesting and enlightening.

ANTHONY J. KENNEDY

OUR BLESSED LADY. SERMONS. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

THIS presentation of Our Lady's place in Heaven and humanity falls into two parts, the first and shorter treating the main points of Marian doctrine, the other some of her titles and shrines. Frequently sublime, now and then unhappily confused and twisted, these are not universal sermon models. This apart, however, the author makes innumerable excellent points by turning from the lessons of Our Lady's life to probe wisely into ours; and when pleading a cause very close to his heart, like *Apostolatus Maris*, Fr. Martindale gives us vibrant and compelling pages. In the end greatness overcomes the ruinous effects of vagaries, however apostolic, on a sermon; and the result is another solid and stimulating book.

HUGH CARNEY

THE LENIENT GOD. By Naomi Jacobs. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50

DEDICATED to the thesis that time takes care of all, if you give it time, this story of a London bus driver, works out accordingly. "Time is a lenient god," said Sophocles. It is a strongly conceived story, very well clothed in excellent English, and contains one character—a minor one, too—who is worth the whole book. Grannie is fine entertainment; malicious of tongue, but soft at heart, a very dear old rascal of a lady. Miss Jacobs gives us a family of London reminiscent of George Kelly's famous type Philadelphia family, in the *Show-Off*. *The Lenient God*, however, is no imitation, for it stands in its own right as first-rate reading.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

ART

THE dog days of summer have fallen heavily upon the New York art world; there is remarkably little in the metropolis which might prove worth a visitor's while in the field of the fine arts. But a few shows continue which will amply reward the visitor.

By far the most interesting exhibit at the moment is at the Brooklyn Museum; in hot weather it may seem a bit of a chore to go to Brooklyn, if one happens to be staying in Manhattan, but it really is worth it. The Museum is showing as complete a collection of the "graphic" art of Gauguin as has ever, to my knowledge, been gathered together at once. The result is intensely interesting. The exhibition of folk art, reviewed in this column several months ago, continues at the Museum of Modern Art, Rockefeller Center. By all means see it if you have the opportunity. At the Metropolitan there is nearly always something of interest in the "recent accessions" room; at present writing it is Philippine embroidery, an art nurtured in the tender atmosphere of the cloister and much of it religious in inspiration.

The Walker Galleries has a nice, cool-seeming exhibition of water colors; most of the other dealers who remain open are showing pot-pourri collections of their regular artists. Only two rather small exhibitions have particularly interested me, as these artists perennially do interest me. One is the showing of posters by Toulouse-Lautrec at Keppel's; the other a nice showing of Audubon's bird prints at Kennedy and Company.

It is always a little difficult for me to explain why Toulouse-Lautrec's posters have so much charm and quality. The novice who first sees one of these gay lithographs is likely to be a little taken aback, and yet he cannot help recognizing at once that most elusive of artistic accomplishments, style. The posters, most of them, advertise music hall events of pre-War Paris; a few are for magazines or books. All are extremely simple in arrangement. In fact one might be pardoned, if one were not familiar with the artist's work, for thinking the draughtsmanship crude. And yet it is strangely effective. Lautrec's music hall queens are certainly not paragons of beauty. A person very sensitive in such matters might even feel that these red and yellow-headed ladies in voluminous skirts and black stockings were a trifle on the vulgar side. Yet considered merely from the point of view of technique and of the intrinsic beauty of the posters themselves, they are perhaps as delicate and satisfactory as anything in this genre in Western art. One has only to compare them with that peculiar mixture of brutality and sentiment which characterized the World War posters we were all once so prone to admire. At once the nervous, simple, direct line of Lautrec stands forth in all its brilliance.

It is a far cry from this nervous art to the calm of Audubon's birds. And yet it is really not so far a cry, either. Both Toulouse-Lautrec's posters and the birds have one characteristic in common: they fit supremely well the purpose for which they were conceived: the one to attract customers to Parisian night clubs; the other to show stay-at-homes what the birds of North America look like in their natural habitats. It is an everlasting wonder to see with what consummate skill our great naturalist labored to create, quite literally, speaking likenesses of our wild birds. And to those who are not acquainted with the oddities of the art market, it may be of some interest to learn that not all of the bird plates are expensive. Those which represent extinct or intrinsically attractive subjects—the carrier pigeon or the wild turkey—are, of course, in the financial upper brackets. But some lovely plates can be purchased fairly reasonably, and almost any of them make good pictures to hang on one's walls.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

THEATRE

TWO COMING STARS. Almost every theatrical season brings us young players who are destined to see their names in electric lights over playhouses of the future. Some of these work hard for years before they really "arrive"; others, in very truth, awake the morning after their first performance to find themselves famous.

Two such fortunate youths are little Peter Holden, six, playing in *On Borrowed Time*, and young Ezra Stone, who looks fifteen but is probably several years older. Both made smash hits in their first performances this season. In the beginning Peter had a rival. As a sop to the law against the employment of child actors two little boys were originally engaged for the child rôle in *On Borrowed Time*—Peter and another boy—the plan being that they would alternate in playing the rôles.

The second boy did extremely well. If his rival had been any other than Peter he would be playing the part now. As it was, Peter was so superlatively good that no other infant had a chance against him. He was not a child actor. He was not an actor at all. He was and is simply a most engaging infant of six, obsessed by the charms of his grandfather and offering the old man childhood's highest compliment, slavish imitation. As that stage grandfather is none other than Dudley Digges, another genius, the two form a unit of perfection. A lesser actor than Mr. Digges would have suffered by comparison, and might even have had the scenes taken away from him by the child. It is said of Shirley Temple that no adult star is willing to play with her. Consciously or unconsciously Shirley takes every scene, riveting the attention of the audience on herself from start to finish. Little Peter Holden could do the same thing, I think, opposite any other actor than Mr. Digges.

The law is winking pleasantly over the spectacle of a six-year-old playing six nights a week as well as in two matinees. It is said that little Peter is under unusually wise supervision, that his studies are going on regularly, that his hours of sleep are guarded and assured, and that he has plenty of healthful outdoor exercise. Certainly, Peter is happy in his work and shows it. Also, he has fifty cents a week to spend on riotous living with other little boys in his neighborhood. Fifty cents a week in cash and a big, rapidly swelling bank account that will send him triumphantly through college and back to his professional life later on.

The second coming star is young Ezra Stone, the school boy in *What A Life*, whose misguided parents insist on prep school and college for him because these are family traditions. Ezra is so young, so wistful, so engaging and so incessantly involved in school troubles that the audience follows him with rapture from the beginning to the end of the play. At the finish some wise young instructor discovers that Ezra is a round peg in a square hole. He has no gift for the scholastic life but he is a born artist. So Ezra is put where he belongs, and the faculty escape nervous exhaustion.

It is the winning personalities of Ezra and Peter which account for the great success of each boy. Time alone will show whether they really created their present rôles, or whether those rôles temporarily made them.

TRIED OUT. The tryout season is under way, and tryout plays in the provinces are having their troubles. One play, *It Wouldn't Be Cricket*, which concerns tryout troubles, experienced most of these during its first week. It had exactly four patrons in the theatre at its first Saturday matinee. Those four were three members of my family and myself. We had motored forty-five miles to Hartford to see that tryout, but the curtain did not rise. The young manager apologized, and we wiped away his tears and departed.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

PROFESSOR BEWARE. A hiatus of two years means little in the comedy career of Harold Lloyd, whose appeal is perennial and whose stock of universal absurdities makes him a welcome jester to all the seven ages of man. He returns to the screen, spectacles and all, in a swift-paced film based on a farcical premise and crowded with hilarious adventures. The professor of archaeology in the story becomes convinced that he and a chance companion are reincarnations of ancient Egyptian lovers who came to an unhappy end. The wild idea seems to be borne out by similar adventures and the timid scholar rides freight train and fire truck in a dizzying race with destiny. The reincarnation theory is finally exploded, but he finds his courage sufficiently aroused to embark on a romance of his own. The picture is compact with action and moves along without a moment's dullness. Mr. Lloyd is as youthful as ever and preserves that timorous, bewildered character which has reached the status of a trademark. Of an older school of comedy, he depends on visual rather than verbal gags and observes a fast-disappearing standard of absolute wholesomeness. An able assortment of comedians, including William Frawley, Sterling Holloway and Raymond Walburn, adds to the gaiety. (*Paramount*)

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY. Mickey Rooney's inspired playing of the adolescent Andy of the amiable Hardy family has earned him an episode in his own right and this thoroughly amusing film measures up to the best in the series. Although it is almost wholly concerned with budding romance and the tribulations of the 'teeas, it makes use of the older generation for wise contrast. Director George B. Seitz weaves an atmosphere of mock seriousness over Andy's struggle toward a more abundant life. In the first place, his best girl is unable to go to the big dance with him and, in the second place, he lacks the eight dollars necessary to make a used car his own. But when he attempts to solve both problems by contracting to take another girl to the affair, he succeeds only in muddling the situation further and has to be rescued by a resourceful ugly duckling. The picture is a sparkling treatment of puppy love à la Tarkington and is carried off in effervescent style by Mickey Rooney and the familiar Hardys, Lewis Stone and Cecelia Parker. The production is guaranteed to make new friends for the Hardys. (*MGM*)

I'D GIVE A MILLION. In spite of its use of the hoary dramatic device of mistaken identity, this film strikes a new note in whimsy, albeit in a minor key. The French Riviera is the scene of a remarkable transformation, by which a world-weary millionaire wanders about in the clothes of the half-witted tramp he has saved from suicide. Since the news leaks out that the self-made hobo is carrying about a million francs to be bestowed on the first unselfish person he meets, the gentlemen of the road for miles around profit by the sudden revaluation of charity. It is love which eventually gives the jaded plutocrat a new lease on life. Walter Lang's direction allows the plot occasional lapses into listlessness, but Peter Lorre, Warner Baxter and Jean Hersholt are worth watching in freshly conceived characterizations. If the production misses top flight, it is amusing fare for average audiences. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

PASSPORT HUSBAND. Stuart Erwin is the victim of a long and tedious plot in this melodramatic comedy about a designing cabaret singer who marries a simple busboy to avoid deportation and then attempts to share in his surprise inheritance. The film is weak, indelicate, and has little fun in it. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

FOLLOWING the "crate" flight of "Gone Again" Corrigan over the rockety road to Dublin, other examples of American daring came to light. . . . In the Southwest thirty-five policemen and deputy sheriffs attacked a skunk. . . . In the sight of Chicago's shopping throngs, a well-to-do woman wore a three-year-old hat. . . . To discover what piquancy would result, an Indianapolis housewife cooked ham and beans in gasoline. Only an explosion prevented her from finding out. . . . A recently landed foreign juvenile, who used to devour James Fenimore Cooper in the old country, suspected an attack by Indians on New York, offered police his assistance in defending the metropolis against the Red Men. . . . New behavioristic patterns were exhibited by prisoners. . . . In Michigan, a circus strong man, arrested by four policemen, tore the cell from its hinges, pushed the jail off its foundations. . . . In another Midwest prison, a convict yanked down the steam and water pipes, set the place on fire four times, wriggled out of a straitjacket, stole keys from a sleeping guard. Students of behaviorism attributed these activities to a state of unrest. . . . The underworld appeared to be developing new techniques. . . . In Massachusetts thieves stole a wharf. . . . Chicago burglars took a whole three-story house with them. When a wrecking company was sent later to remove the building, they found it already removed. Only the site was left. Authorities announced appointment of a site-seeing commission to discover if other buildings have been similarly extracted. . . . Organizations convened. The twenty-sixth annual convention of the Bald Head Club of America met in Connecticut. Papers read on scalp fertility, hair tonics, kindred subjects revealed exhaustive research. A glowing tribute was paid to Daniel, bald-headed ape, the mascot of the society.

The housing problem was becoming acute. . . . The demand for cells at Sing Sing was greater than the supply. Ninety-four prisoners had to go without cells, sleep in the corridors. Overcrowding in other prisons was likewise reported. If the United States is to maintain its position as the leading criminal nation of the world, it must provide more cells for its citizens, penologists said. . . . A currency crisis shook San Salvador. So many small coins were put in church poor boxes, a paucity of pennies in circulation developed. Minting of additional pennies was projected. The amount of money put in poor boxes in the United States will not cause any currency crisis, experts said. . . . Several interesting studies were made. . . . Research along the Pacific Coast showed that biting dogs prefer letter carriers to policemen. In the section chosen for experiment, dogs bit twenty-three letter carriers, only three policemen. One letter carrier was bitten by six different species of dog. Scientists were puzzled by the dogs' preference for gray trousers over blue. . . . The international situation was disturbed as a new frontier incident appeared. Eight Canadian cows invaded Maine, were captured by United States customs men. The disappearance of so many steaks caused gloom. . . . A research director of the Progressive Education Association revealed that the father who commutes to work subjects his children to maternal domination which handicaps "healthy emotional maturity." The only solution appeared to be for the father to stop commuting, get a job in the suburbs. . . .

An American Legion Post in New York passed a resolution condemning use of taxpayers' money to support institutions, where Communist, Fascist, other anti-American teachers are permitted. . . . We should not be forced to pay their salaries. Let Russia, Germany pay them.

THE PARADER